# BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1943

FERDINAND TUOHY
B. L. JACOT
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

# We women want a 'man style' pocket..

WHY shouldn't a woman enjoy the same pocket comfort and convenience as a man?

The new "ZWOW" Fastening, a feature of all the latest GOR-RAY Skirts, is the answer. It provides a good, deep pocket and a snug fitting placket in one, without buttons or other fasteners to cause bulging and break the hip line.

It's smart, too! A hand in a "ZWOW" pocket gives a delightful air of sophistication.

Ask your draper or store to show you a selection of GOR-RAY Skirts with this sensible fashion feature.




GOR-RAY Skirts

EVERY GENUINE GOR-RAY SKIRT HAS A GOR-RAY LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND

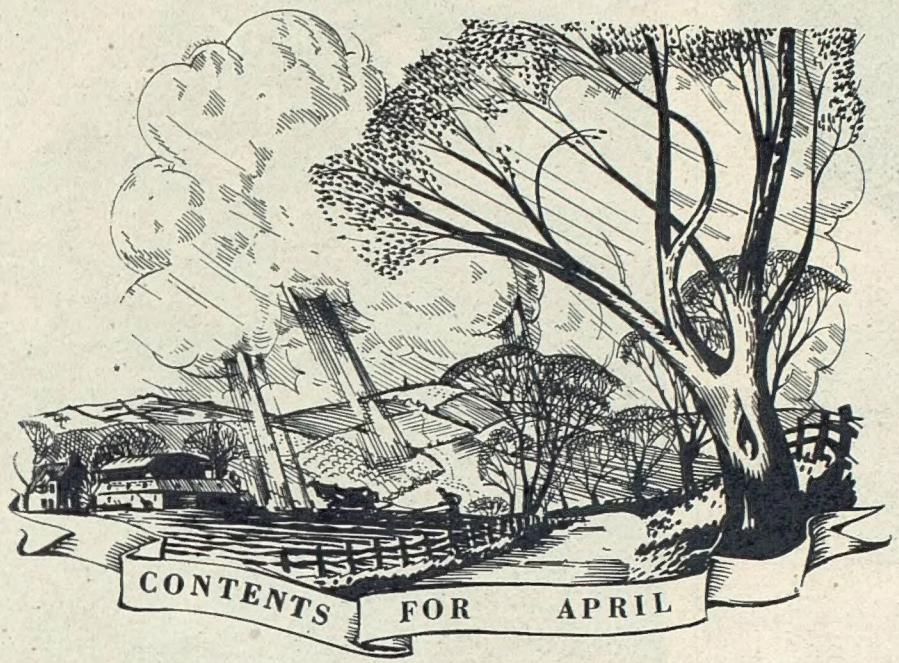
## All the better with the 'Zwow' Pocket Placket Fastening

*Issued by* C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE


*Scientific*

# BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 26, No. 4 APRIL, 1943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*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*

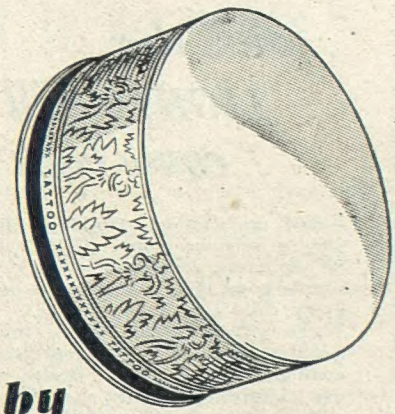
**The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.**


THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

So lovely— this powder




by TATTOO

Tattoo lasts and lasts almost beyond belief. It gives a new, subtle-soft smoothness, a freshness of satin-skinned youthfulness, a transparent depth which hands a bouquet to your complexion. Tattoo clings — like a soft-textured second skin you wouldn't lose if you could — and you can't.

FACE POWDER
*Four subtle shades Nude · Flesh · Brunette. Native in large box 3/7d. inc. Tax. Also small size.*

# IT'S NOT SO EASY

"Underfoot" problems are difficult to-day with SPOSS Floor Dressing limited in supply.
WINDOW SHEEN—for glass and silver—is, however, still available. We do our best to distribute our products fairly, and in the meantime, if you have any cleaning or household renovation problems, write to us. Our Domestic Science Authority, Mrs. Mary Jordan, is at your service with practical advice and help.

**SPOSS** REG'D.

Simmonds Products Ltd., (Dept. BE.9), Great West Road, London
A Company of the Simmonds Group

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We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles.

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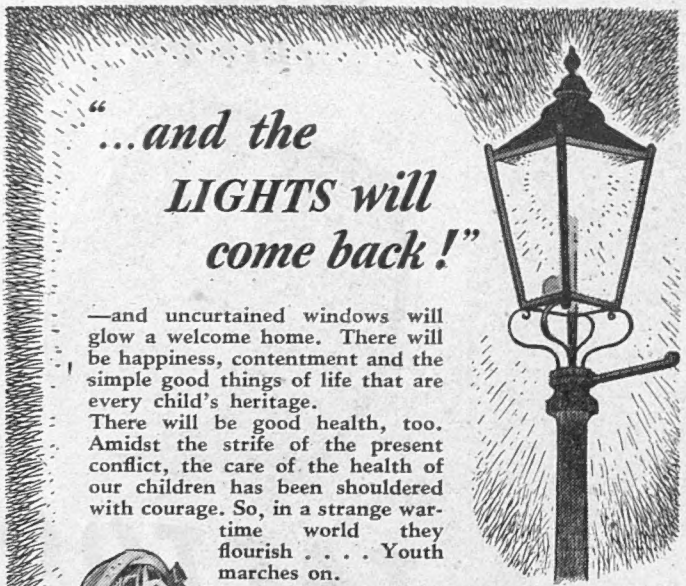

## "...and the LIGHTS will come back!"

—and uncurtained windows will glow a welcome home. There will be happiness, contentment and the simple good things of life that are every child's heritage.
There will be good health, too. Amidst the strife of the present conflict, the care of the health of our children has been shouldered with courage. So, in a strange wartime world they flourish . . . . Youth marches on.

In the home the widespread use of 'Milk of Magnesia' has undoubtedly contributed to the maintenance of health amongst the little ones. The effects of restrictions and special conditions upon the infant mind and body are appreciably lessened by strict attention to the correction of minor ailments.
By promoting health in the nursery, 'Milk of Magnesia' is safeguarding our children and so building sound constitutions worthy of the men and women of tomorrow.

# 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

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# Builds 'MAN-POWER' from boyhood!

How strong and lusty all children grow . . when "plenty of Weetabix" is Mother's wise plan for *their* future! Yes—Weetabix is such a GOOD food; so pure, so energising; and so kind to sensitive digestions. Ready to serve, with either milk or Household Milk, and in many other delicious ways—Weetabix makes a complete meal *anytime!* Invest your precious "points" in your family's *better* health and happiness—INSIST ON WEETABIX!

**Weetabix**
*MORE than a Breakfast Food*
SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/9

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

WX 21

# Make PAROZONE your Spring Cleaning Ally

**Enemy strongpoints of dirt and germs, established during the winter, cannot stand against Parozone's powerful onslaught.**

"Mopping up" operations with Parozone will bring health to every corner of your house. It has a hundred uses in Bedroom, Bathroom and Kitchen. Linens and cottons will be snow white, porcelain and tiles will gleam, sinks and basins will be spotless, white woodwork immaculate, and dressing table crystal and glass sparkle to the touch of Parozone. Drains and lavatories – spots where germs might linger – are rendered completely hygienic with Parozone.

**FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE**

**FOR MUSTARD GAS**

Parozone should be applied full strength to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.

*Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.*

PAROZONE REG°

*Head Office: Glasgow. And at London and Nottingham*

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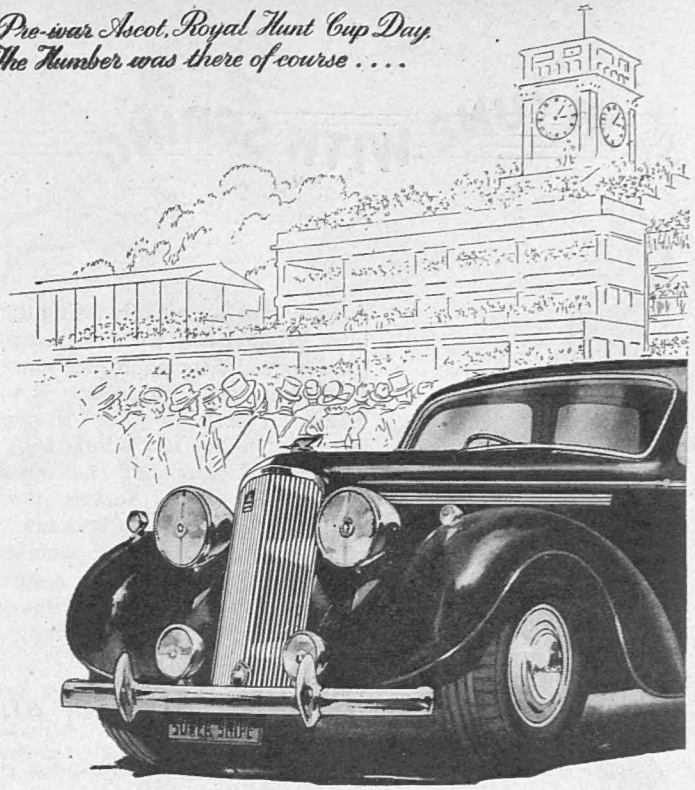
*Pre-war Ascot, Royal Hunt Cup Day. The Humber was there of course . . . .*



**It was the Rootes Group that gave you the Humber Snipe and many other fine Cars and Commercial Vehicles**

ROOTES GROUP

ROOTES SECURITIES LTD

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# The Railways took it in their Stride

"THE preparations (for the North African expedition) were begun as long ago as last March . . . As an indication of the magnitude of what we had to do . . . 185,000 men, 20,000 vehicles, and 220,000 tons of stores had all to be moved in a period of about three weeks from billets and depots to ports.

**This meant running 440 special troop trains, 680 special freight trains and 15,000 railway wagons by ordinary goods services . . .**

The almost complete surprise achieved in an operation of this magnitude is unbelievable and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned."

*RT. HON. SIR JAMES GRIGG, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Secretary of State for War, in the House of Commons.*

BRITISH RAILWAYS

RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

---

*beauty preparations by Pomeroy are still obtainable*

– but only in small quantities.

JEANNETTE POMEROY BEAUTY PRODUCTS
27 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

# IN TUNE WITH SPRING

Are you and your family facing the busy, brighter days with fresh complexions and a spring in your step? If not, it isn't Spring that is to blame. Ten to one your "Spring lassitude" is due to a Winter without enough greenstuff and other vitamin-rich foods. So start now with "something green and raw" every day, and plenty of potatoes and other vegetables. It's a sure way to renew your store of vitality and to bring new health and happiness into your home.

## *The Best Meal of all*

It's called the Oslo Meal and its benefits to health are amazing. It consists of a good plateful of any raw mixed salad, bread and butter or margarine, a slice of cheese and a glass of milk, or coffee, or cocoa made with household milk. Simple, isn't it? But in this one meal you have a whole range of the best body-building and energy-giving nourishment, as well as an *alphabet* of vitamins. Try it now as a time saver. But you will be wise always to have this meal two or three times a week regularly. As a change from the slice of cheese sometimes, serve a portion of tinned herring, pilchard or salmon. And as a further change in this meal, serve potato salad or a baked potato in its jacket. This saves on bread, too.

## *Hints and Dishes for Busy Times*

Just as you plan, say, your spring-cleaning work in advance, plan your meals also. Rushed and scrappy meals won't give you the extra energy you need.

It's a good idea to have one good "cooking day" to start off with, and to prepare as far as possible the main dishes which will see you through three or four days at a time.

***Start by cooking a big boiling of potatoes*** in their skins. Skin half of them at once and while they are hot, make some into potato salad and mash others, ready to fry or to use in other ways as required. Leave the other half in their jackets and stuff.

***Dried Beans*** are another grand help, and a good body-builder, too. They re-heat well and quickly. Or some can be used mashed with potato, flavoured with whatever you have handy, made into little cakes or rissoles and fried. Scraps of left-over meat, or bacon, canned fish, cheese, meat extract and sauce, are excellent "flavourings."

***Turnovers made with Potato Pastry*** are another good variant of the "prepared in advance" meal. Make your pastry in the usual way, but with one-third cold mashed potato — as dry as possible — and two-thirds flour instead of all flour. Here again the fillings will depend upon what you have handy. Pop the turnovers in the oven with any other baking you do.

*Serve each of these dishes with a raw green or mixed salad. They're all good, eaten hot or cold; and they provide substantial nourishment as well as appetising variety.*

### THE IMPORTANCE OF
## *Dried Egg and Household Milk*

These two foods are a very valuable contribution to your nourishment. They are first-class body-building foods. As good as meat or cheese, and they should be as regular a part of your weekly diet. When making puddings, cakes, etc., Household Milk and dried egg can be mixed dry with the other dry ingredients. When making scrambled egg do not overcook and do not stir much while cooking.

S60 MF

**ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD**

# *look pleasant please!*

THE camera's clicking shutter holds no dread for some brave spirits, but there are others who would as soon face a firing squad as a camera. And self-consciousness makes them smirk when they should smile, or gives them the look of a small boy caught at the jam.

If you're nervous before the camera breathe deeply — it helps enormously in restoring composure. Remember to relax too, especially to lower your shoulders. Then, before the camera clicks, look past the photographer and imagine you see someone you are fond of (probably the husband or fiancé for whom the photograph is being taken); the result will show you at your pleasantest.

It helps to know you look your prettiest, so put on make-up with extra care. Use powder of a darker shade on your nose to make it photograph smaller. Go easily on rouge, and apply to cheek bones only; red photographs black, and you don't want to look hollow-cheeked. Put a spot of vaseline on your eyelids to make eyes look large and lustrous. Tidy eyebrows with tweezers, and emphasize them with an eyebrow pencil or lead pencil.

Remember that "line" matters more than colour and get a firm edge with your lipstick; use a lip brush or the torn-off end of a book match. Don't forget the old trick of moistening your lips at the last moment. And *please* don't visit the photographer the day after a "perm" with your hair set in rigid furrows and wiry curls.

Need we say that this is definitely one of those special occasions for which we hope you save the few of the lovely Icilma products you are able to buy these days. They will help to show you at your radiant best.

**★Cut this out and keep it—** *This and other talks to follow come to you with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products — Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-tinted Cream, and Shampoos.*

ICILMA CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

IC 282-96

*Dad fired a Home Guard*
*spigot mortar*
*And now the Clock Tower's*
*somewhat shorter*

# He fairly takes the biscuit!

*—and Weston* MAKES *the biscuit*

Like all the other Services, Home Guards can often put a few biscuits to very good use.

In the home itself—in office and factory as well—biscuits prove their value every day. They save cooking and fuel and labour. They are always ready to serve.

Look at it however you like—weight for weight, penny for penny, point for point—you cannot get better all-round value than Weston Biscuits.

**WESTON** *Biscuits*

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

# Less Time for Housework

Housewives whose time is divided between war work and the care of the home, find 'Mansion' a real help in giving their Floors, Furniture and Linoleum a brilliant and lasting polish.

FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE
MANSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX
POLISH
EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER & COACHWORK OF MOTORS PERAMBULATORS &c.

MP/QF

more need for

**FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM**

# What's next?

Yesterday the fire heated flat-iron with its attendant inconveniences . . . to-day the immaculate electric iron . . . *and to-morrow?* Science progresses and with peace will come a range of G.E.C. quality products incorporating the results of never-ending G.E.C. research.

**G.E.C.**

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

**Worth looking forward to**

*Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2*

Sew "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.
With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.
Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rod, hooks for runner rail.
THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD
Makers of 'RUFFLETTE' BRAND

# When the lights go up again

"When do you expect new supplies of 'Rufflette' curtain tape?" This is a question the harassed shopkeeper is often asked and is rarely able to answer. He knows he will get his fair share of the restricted output. Even so he still cannot avoid disappointing many of his customers. Of course there'll be ample supplies when the lights go up again . . . . enough "Rufflette" curtain accessories for every gaily curtained window.

**'Rufflette'** BRAND

**CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS**

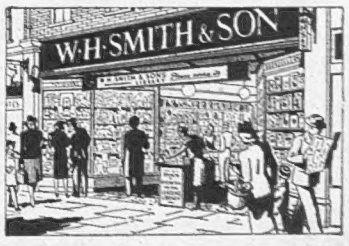


# Gardeners' Information Bureau

To help people growing their own vegetables to get the very best results, the Ministry of Agriculture has issued a series of 22 leaflets. For the convenience of victory-diggers everywhere, W. H. Smith & Son have arranged for them to be available at all their shops and station bookstalls.

1. Grow for Winter as well as Summer (Cropping Plan).
2. Onions, Leeks, Shallots, Garlic.
3. Storing Vegetables for Winter use.
4. Peas and Beans.
5. Cabbages and Related Crops.
6. Root Vegetables for the Small Grower.
7. Manure from Garden Rubbish.
8. Tomato Growing.
9. How to make Bordeaux and Burgundy Mixtures in Small Quantities.
10. Jam and Jelly Making.
11. Bottling and Canning Fruit and Vegetables.
12. Seed Potatoes.
13. Storing Potatoes for Food and Seed.
14. Drying, Salting; Pickles, Chutneys.
15. Potato Growing in Allotments and Gardens.
16. Garden Pests and How to Deal with them.
17. Potato Blight.
18. Fruit — Disease Control in Private Gardens.
19. How to Sow Seeds.
20. How to Dig.
21. Saving your own Seed.
22. How to Grow Small Fruits.

**Any of these leaflets may be had for the asking. There is no charge—nor any obligation: you're very welcome.**




W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD. 1500 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND AND WALES
HEAD OFFICE: STRAND HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

# 'MALTA'

THE GEORGE CROSS ISLE

*As a tribute to Malta's undying heroism will you help to endow an Empire Memorial Ward in a Malta Hospital?*

Malta, the 'George Cross' Isle, the Empire outpost that has faced and survived thousands of Air Attacks, the very incarnation of the Courage that has turned the tide towards Allied Victory—what worthier gesture of our admiration and gratitude than to endow a Malta Hospital with a Memorial Ward!

**HELP WITH YOUR GIFTS**

of old jewellery, gold and silver, etc., articles, unwanted 'treasures' which will be gratefully received and turned to good account.

**SILVER THIMBLE FUND**

(*Regd. War Charities Act*, 1940).

**95 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1**

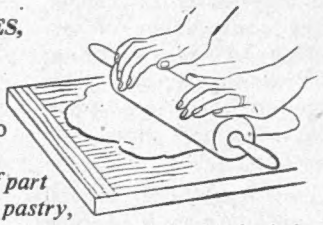
This space has been given by
McVitie & Price Ltd., Biscuit Manufacturers
Edinburgh, London, Manchester

PERFECT "SUIT"ABILITY —all the year round!
Like the crocus, it appears with the spring; but unlike the crocus, it will be seen all the days of the year to come! Superfine Saxony suiting —a Hershelle model, of course...
Hershelle
MODEL
. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

*Now comes Part 5 in the* POTATO PLAN

# Use Potatoes in place of flour

(*PART POTATOES, PART FLOUR*)



Have you tried this latest addition to the Potato Plan? Here it is:

*Use potatoes in place of part of the flour, when making pastry, puddings and cakes.* The potatoes can be cooked the day before, if more convenient, and mashed while hot. Watch out for further recipes in this series.

POTATO PASTRY

*Rubbing-in method.* 4 ozs. mashed potatoes; 8 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. fat; ½ teaspoonful salt. Mix flour and salt, rub in fat, then work into the potato. Mix to a stiff dough, with a small amount of cold water if necessary. Knead and roll out.

*Creaming method.* 4 ozs. mashed potatoes; 8 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. fat; ½ teaspoonful salt. Cream fat and potato, add the flour and salt. No moisture is necessary. Mix to a stiff dough and roll out.

***The 4 other parts of the Plan***

**1 Serve potatoes for breakfast on three days a week.**

**2 Make your main dish a potato dish one day a week.**

**3 Refuse second helpings of other food. Have more potatoes instead.**

**4 Serve potatoes in other ways than "plain boiled."**

**Bread costs ships . . .**
**Eat home-grown potatoes instead**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD LONDON, W.1.

P.22.

# Phillips

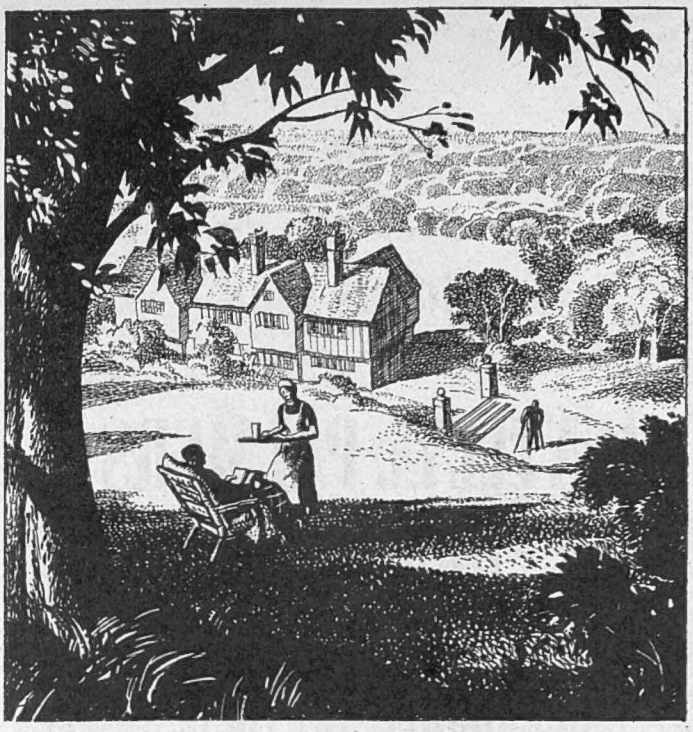
## *Rubber Soles and Heels*

★

Like many other good things, the demand for Phillips Rubbers exceeds the supply and your repairer may be temporarily out of stock—*but they are worth waiting for.*

Phillips put the utmost wear into their rubber soles and heels. See that you get the last ounce of wear out of them before you have new ones fitted. Then ask your repairer to see that the old ones go for salvage.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST



## Please keep Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please keep it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

*HORLICKS*

---

*Uniform Satisfaction*

# AUSTIN REED

***of Regent Street***

*Women's Service Branches:* Aldershot, Bath, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Oxford, Southampton.
London Telephone: Regent 6789

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## wool magic

You too can learn the magic secret. You too can conjure wool from nowhere, and knit yourself new exciting coupon-free woollies. Learn the secret now and start knitting something new for the Spring.

'COUPON FREE KNITTING' is a new leaflet price 4d. which tells you how to make smart new woollies from old ones. It's packed with pictures, ideas and hints. Your dealer has it.

*Issued by the makers of*

**LAVENDA knitting wool**

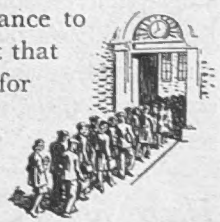
*In case of difficulty, write to Lister & Co., Ltd., Dept. A, Manningham Mills, Bradford*

---

## This perseverance

The *whirr* of machinery is now her daily serenade; her brain and fingers work at lightning speed; the hours, days, weeks, months, wear on.

We can't *all* work in munition factories. But we *can* all bring this quality of perseverance to our own war jobs. For this is the spirit that *wins through*—the spirit that will earn for workers the wonder of the future: *"But for them, in the time of their country's need . . . ?"*



**The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry**

*Since the Battle of the Nile*

Schweppes have been making Table Waters of supreme quality. Fate brings war again to Egypt and we are called upon to spare no personal sacrifice that this and other vital issues be brought to a speedy and successful conclusion. Schweppes give their famous name and, until after the war, the perfection of their Table Waters must remain but a sparkling memory. May the time soon come when we may refresh our memories . . . .

# Schweppes

*Table Waters*

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

---

There is no 'points' food more valuable or nutritious than

# HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

unequalled for their attractiveness, palatability and uniform good qualities

*Owing to Government Restrictions supplies are limited and are now only available in certain areas. No Direct Sales*

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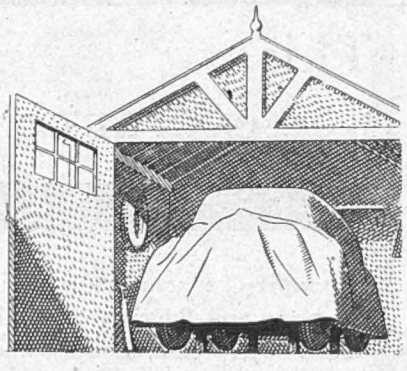
FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

# Out of sight . . . *out of mind?*



If your Austin is lying low for the duration, don't overlook to give it the little attention it demands. . . Remember, keeping a good car roadworthy is in the Country's interests as well as your own. Every three months remove plugs, inject a little oil into cylinders and give the engine a few turns by hand. Keep all chassis lubricating points, road springs and engine controls well greased. By the way, even if your Austin won't be active again till after the war, you can put your tyres on active service now if you turn them in at your nearest authorised depot.

*Help your* **AUSTIN** *to help the Country*

● *The* AUSTIN MAGAZINE *may help you too—4d monthly*

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 8.1.195

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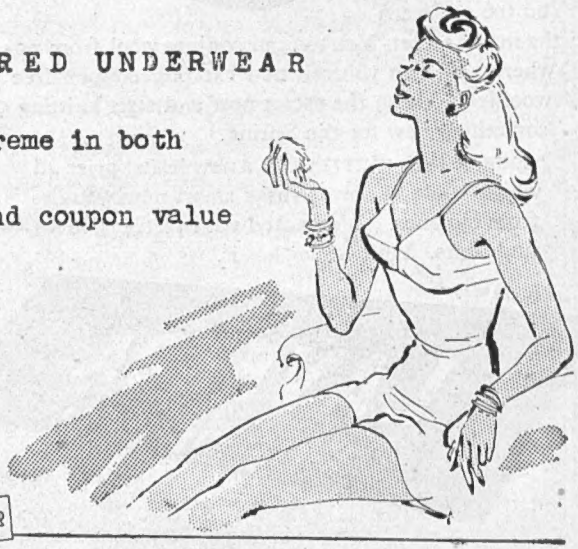
★ because it's Tailored
because it's made in 7 sizes
because it's still made to the Kayser idea of style and quality

# KAYSER

TAILORED UNDERWEAR

is supreme in both

cost and coupon value



KAYSER TRADE MARK

# REDHEAD

**SHE CROSSED THE SEA IN CONVOY ON A TRAMP STEAMER, TO GET A REAL STORY—BUT MR. CUPID WROTE THE LAST CHAPTER**

## By Day Russell

WHEN the girl with the red hair went aboard the s.s. *Beldona* a minor miracle happened. The ship was anchored in the bay behind Halifax waiting for a convoy to assemble, and the officers and crew were hanging around browned off, as they say in the Air Force, with no money to go ashore, nothing to do when they got there, shore leave cancelled anyway, knowing that the first two days out were going to be unpleasant, judging from a burned-out tanker that had just been towed in.

Then old Captain Morgan came off in a launch from the Commodore's conference, and with him was the redhead. She was pint-sized and pretty; her hair flamed like a beacon, and she was only a little scared at the prospect of being one woman in a convoy of several dozen ships and several hundred men.

She was a journalist going to England on assignment, and she had, in her ignorance, asked to be allowed to cross on a real tramp steamer.

The s.s. *Beldona* was just that; and the only one in harbour that had a spare cabin. Redhead climbed aboard, slightly nervous, but her brown eyes were sparkling with excitement at the prospect of three or more weeks of cold, wet, discomfort and danger. Or perhaps she just didn't know.

The deck-hands were lying on the hatch combings, the gunners were aft playing poker, the deck and engine-room officers were lounging by the rail, gossiping. When the launch came alongside there was a moment of staring curiosity. When it became evident that Redhead was boarding the *Beldona* everybody disappeared as if by magic. Two minutes later they emerged, all washed and brushed, with most of the youngsters looking like George Raft playing themselves.

The Captain winked at the First Mate. He wasn't so unhappy about it, either.

"Well, Mister, it looks like you 'll be able to keep a clean ship this trip."

He packed the steward off to the cabin with her bags and took her up to the bridge to display her.

There was a flurry on the ships all around; telescopes appeared as if by magic, and knots of men hung over the rails to stare. Any woman in a convoy would have caused the same flurry, but the redhead took it in a personal way. By the time the convoy sailed she had a telescope acquaintance with every ship, and she dressed accordingly. She left her beacon-head bare and wore corduroy slacks and a bright green sweater. The ensemble suited both her figure and the boys behind the telescopes.

She seemed to be conscious that a lonely woman in a convoy is more than a passenger; she is a symbol of a kind of life that is the very opposite of a sailor's in wartime. The sailor wants that symbol to have a two-way pull on his emotions, to stimulate both desire and respect. Redhead did, and was not unaware of it.

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FOR the first two days out of Halifax great banks of fog drifted down, fog buoys were trailed, and fog horns blared their mournful notes out of blank walls of grey mist.

*Redhead climbed aboard, slightly nervous, but her brown eyes were sparkling with excitement at the prospect of three or more weeks of cold, wet, discomfort and danger*

*Illustrations by Edward Osmond*

Everybody was pleased except Redhead, who shivered in the bitter, damp chill until old Captain Morgan explained to her that Nature was providing free camouflage through waters that were dangerous in these days.

On the third day the fog cleared and the convoy reassembled under the busy fussing of corvettes and destroyers, and from then on the weather was rare for the North Atlantic, clear and moderately calm. Redhead was delighted, but the Old Man did not tell her that this weather, with moonlit nights, was the most dangerous of all.

It was during the first clear day that Redhead made speaking acquaintance with Danny Farrar, Chief Officer of the s.s. *Bristol Queen*. Danny was well known in shipping circles, not only because he was a first-class seaman and young for his job, but because he had a reputation as a "lad" with the ladies. He had crisp, brown, curly hair, brown eyes that didn't give a damn for anyone, and a barrel-chested figure, that strode a bridge like a hang-over from the age of buccaneers.

But he could handle a ship.

The *Bristol Queen* was on the tail of the *Beldona* in the convoy, and when the fog lifted her skipper went down for his first sleep in two days, and Danny took the bridge. While the corvettes were shepherding the strays, Danny brought his ship up fifty yards off the *Beldona's* starboard beam. He lifted a megaphone to his lips.

"Where's the redhead?" he shouted.

She was in the chart-room, but she was out soon enough on the wing of the bridge with Captain Morgan's telescope.

She waved and Danny waved back. Then he put the megaphone up again. "Love from all," he shouted. "From me in particular." She laughed and blew him a kiss, and he blew one back. Then he let his ship fall back into line.

Every night when he was on watch he'd steam up out of position, fifty yards or

*"He's shielding us," she said; but the Old Man grunted something under his breath*

*At that moment there was a splitting roar and the bow of the "Bristol Queen" disintegrated in a terrific blast*

so off to starboard, and bring out his megaphone.

"Ahoy there, Redhead!"

She'd be waiting there in the moonlight, seeing nothing at that distance except the ship, but feeling flattered.

Distant fields are always greenest; none of the officers of the *Beldona* could get over the line between friendliness and flirtation. Farrar wouldn't have done it either if there hadn't been a slice of the Atlantic between the ships. She was like that; she liked a bit of fun, but she knew how to keep it harmless.

Other ships tried to cut in during the days with comments flashed from their Aldis lamps, but Danny had the nerve to take chances and was near enough to mean something through a telescope. No one could understand why old Ben Morgan, skipper of the *Beldona*, didn't blast his head off at Danny and tell the master of the *Bristol Queen* to keep his ship and his officers in line. But all he did was to blast Danny under his breath and warn Redhead aloud.

"Don't be taken in by that young devil," he said. "He has to go to sea to run away from all the girls that are after him for breach of promise."

Redhead smiled. So long as he was three ship-lengths away she could take care of herself. Then it happened; something everyone was expecting while the moon and the fair weather lasted. It was good hunting weather. The alarm bells rang and echoed from ship to ship down the convoy. Redhead was up on the bridge with her lifebelt and her emergency bag near her.

This, after all, was what she knew she had risked, and she was going to get it. She was pale and nervous, but under control. She knew thirty-odd men were watching her to see how she would take it.

Off to the south there was the deep boom of depth-charges and the flying spray of charging destroyers and slower corvettes. The tramps of the convoy could do nothing but plod on steadily and wait. Far off ahead in the night

there was a sudden flash of an explosion, and then a deep crash came over the water.

Some ship had got it, but no one said anything. All eyes were watching for the tell-tale wake of torpedoes.

Then, as if it were any night, up steamed the *Bristol Queen* off the starboard beam.

"Ahoy there, Redhead," came Danny's voice across the water. "Love from all, and in particular from me." Then the *Bristol Queen* should have fallen back, but Danny held her there, off the starboard beam.

Suddenly Redhead saw the game.

"He's shielding us," she said; but the Old Man grunted something under his breath.

Redhead felt a wave of emotion choke her throat for a moment. Danny Farrar was deliberately risking thirty-odd lives and his own for her sake.

She had no time to think any more of it, for at that moment there was a splitting roar and the bow of the *Bristol Queen* disintegrated in a terrific blast. She saw no more, for Captain Morgan had knocked her down and was shielding her from falling débris. When he let her get up again the *Bristol Queen* was already left behind in the moonlight, sinking fast. "Aren't you going to stop and pick them up?" she cried.

"Against orders," said the Old Man gruffly. "A corvette will get the survivors."

"Survivors!" whispered Redhead. Suddenly, from an adventure, from something she had looked upon as material for a magazine article, everything had become real, terribly, dangerously real. Back there in the clear and beautiful night, Danny Farrar might be blown to bits, or struggling for his last breath in a cold, heartless ocean.

She was quieter after that.

"Any news?" she would ask every morning.

"We won't get any until we reach port," said the Old Man. Somehow the whole ship sobered when she sobered.

WHEN we reached port a destroyer had already landed the survivors, but there was a telegram waiting, addressed to: Redhead, c/o s.s. *Beldona*.

She tore it open and read, with a queer lump in her throat, "Love from all, particular. Danny Farrar, late *Bristol Queen*."

"He's in hospital," she blurted out, with a woman's instinct for these things. "Where is he?"

"Well," said Captain Morgan, "there's only one place."

After that, nothing would satisfy her but that he should take her there as soon as she had said good-bye all round.

It wasn't a cheerful parting; her mind seemed to be on other things. But when Captain Morgan wanted to wriggle out of taking her to the hospital she woke up quickly enough.

He waited outside the ward as she went in. She had that same nervous, excited gleam in her eye as on that day in Halifax when she had climbed aboard the *Beldona*. Captain Morgan didn't like the look of it.

When she came out she was smiling, and he frowned still more. "He wants to see you," she said. "Alone."

Captain Morgan stood over Danny's bed. The wind-tanned, bold face looked oddly out of place against a pillow.

"Hurt bad?" asked Captain Morgan.

"Nothing much." Danny smiled. "Bit of the *Bristol Queen* in my shoulder." He suddenly lost his smile; his eyes narrowed. "You won't tell her?"

Captain Morgan looked down at him grimly. "She's a good girl. I won't have no truck with ——"

Danny interrupted him. "It's on the level. She's willing to take my ring."

*Captain Morgan looked down at Danny grimly. "She's a good girl. I won't have any truck with ——"*

"That's what I mean," said Captain Morgan. "She thinks you're her own particular hero, sacrificing your ship and your life and God knows how many others all for her sake. It makes it harder for me, seeing as I've got to thank you on behalf of my men. But I'll warn you, young man, I'll keep tab on you, and if I see you cutting loose, I'll tell her the truth; I'll tell her you had orders from the Commodore in case of danger to screen us with your wheat, because our machine tools had to be brought through at all costs."

Danny smiled. "It's a deal. But if you'd seen her just now, you'd know you'd have a hard time convincing her." (THE END.)

*ARTISTS of to-day, from John to the Slade pupil, have lost a time-honoured painting corner*

# Vieux Port At Marseilles

**By**
**Ferdinand Tuohy**

SO the Germans have blasted down Old Marseilles.

The French collaborationist police, marked numbers of whom will be among the first to feel the long knives after the liberation, say that at last a plague-spot of crime and vice has been removed. But they can't get by with that. Operating under a local gangster-politician called Simon Sabiani, part of the Marseilles police matched the performances put up by any "nervis," —the regional form of ruffian. It did a firm trade in "protection," extortion, graft, blackmail, and in the traffic in women and drugs. It even dabbled in "disappearances" of people in the way.

The tariffs of the rotten police and detective elements were almost as well known as the rackets themselves. And the hardiest of all the rackets had precisely to do with Old Marseilles. More than once ordinary citizens wished to abolish this district, but they realised that the great majority of its 40,000 inhabitants were harmless, if insanitary, and besides, they hesitated to cancel the link with a resonant historical past, kept green by tumble-down houses and narrow alleyways. As it happened, they weren't even able to fumigate the place, being each time deviously obstructed by Sabiani's police and municipal minions, the success of whose rackets depended considerably on a working liaison with underworld elements of the Old Quarter, the nearest thing to a European Kasbah or native citadel, such as the one at Algiers, in which Pépé-le-Moko could live tucked out of sight for years.

Only less laughable was the virtuous Nazi announcement that "in place of the harbour town formerly surrounded by a false halo of 'apache' romanticism a new and clean district will spring up." A fat lot the Nazis care about improving French morality! Rather so they wish the French to sink by every agency, to lose fibre through every poison. No, the reason Old Marseilles ceased to be was because there smouldered in its smelly, tortuous by-ways the spirit of resistance *à outrance* handed down the centuries, that caused Rouget de Lisle to name the greatest of all liberty refrains "La Marseillaise." Stateless victims of Hitler and ardent revolutionaries repaired to this citadel hide-out in latter times, and the Nazis could not afford to have such fiery ones at their backs as they prepared to defend this particularly tender section of Europe's "soft underbelly."

*That* was the red light the Nazis saw glowing in Marseilles, not the reflection from the notorious controlled quarter.

The more so, inasmuch as Doenitz has apparently ordered the hewing of U-boat pens in the hillside upon which the old town stood in various sizes for 2,700 years. In the end it (*Continued on page* 56)

*WEARING a hat was the hall-mark of the tourist, and in the tough quarter, off it would be snatched by women who would hurl it up the street to other female hands*

*CHIEFLY one saw people arranging their market stalls, and what an array of colour the piled-up fruit and vegetables presented*

# MONEY

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD

HENRY MORGENTHAU

MONTAGU NORMAN

*Decoration by J. Nicolson*

**By C. Patrick Thompson**

AT a corner desk in a big room in the old Board of Trade building in Whitehall, a plump, short man lights another cigarette, adjusts his horn-rims, and jots more noughts. Five thousand million, plus thirty million. . . .

A grey-robed ghost peeks over the living man's broad shoulder. Redirected from his old home in the blitzed treasury, he was told he would find England's present treasurer here. But there seems some mistake. Nine noughts? Treasurer Wolsey never saw so many in his life. It took a long time and much space in his day to count out the king's money on the old table with the draught-board pattern to help the clerks keep tally. But King Henry would have burst a blood-vessel if the accounts showed five noughts. It cost under a million to run England then. No, this man must be an astronomer. Probably reckoning the distance of the new comet from the earth.

But Wolsey was wrong. The man was Treasurer Kingsley Wood, figuring the British war bill for the financial year 1943-44.

Times change, and money changes, too. Between the day that Crœsus, King of Lydia, struck his lion-and-bull emblem on the first gold coinage, and the day in September, 1931, when the Master of England's Royal Mint sadly ordered his men to cease stamping gold pounds, stretch 2,300 years. But the money changes in those twenty-three centuries amount to less than the changes of the last decade. The velocity of change has indeed reached a point where the world's chief money men find themselves in one of those fantastic mazes which have several score of entrances but apparently only one exit—and that one they can only glimpse down distant vistas anyway, without being able to reach it and get out.

And the trouble is that the maze, built of the money of seventy sovereign nations, thirty of which are locked in the life-or-death grip of the global war, keeps growing and getting more complex, as the nations increase the visible money of currency, and the invisible money of bank credits, and manipulate it.

MORE than a score of states dig gold still, but only three have a gold backing for their money. One state, the U.S.A., fixes the world price for the only international money, by buying, at 35 dollars an ounce, all gold dumped on its docks by any one from anywhere. The British fix their pound to gold indirectly by agreeing with Washington's Henry Morgenthau, that 4.02 dollars, each containing 15 5/21 grains of standard gold, equal one pound, which contains no gold. But the free exchange in New York is nearer two dollars to the pound, while for some legalistic reason the Director of the U.S. Mint, who by law must periodically estimate the values of all foreign monetary units, values the pound at 8.2397 dollars.

The relationship of national money units to one another has been all over the place since the world in 1931 fell off the old international gold standard, which fixed the gold content of each money unit, pound, dollar, franc, zloty, quetzal, peso, sol, yen, adhering to the standard.

As a measure of the value of things, money, which should be stable, has been behaving for years like a flock of March hares. Prices, the value of things in terms of money, have jumped erratically in all directions. In most countries now government has to intervene and control prices; otherwise one's money would shrink or expand—usually shrink—overnight in one's wallet or bank deposit. Paradoxically, as money increases everywhere, the things one wants to buy with money grow scarcer, and cost more.

The vaults, strong boxes and pockets of almost every nation are bursting with money, or what government and bankers say is money. Britain has passed all previous peaks with some £3,000,000,000 of money in the banks—that's ledger money, circulating by cheque—and nearly

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

LORD CATTO

# MAZE

***. . . keeps Growing and getting more Complex, as the Nations increase the Visible money of Currency, and the Invisible money of Bank Credits, and Manipulate it . . .***

£1,000,000,000 of paper notes. (That's nothing compared to Chiang Kai-shek's China, where government finances the war by borrowing from one of the four banks of issue, which issue notes to cover, with the result that there's the equivalent of £5,000,000,000 in paper money circulating—and a pair of shoes in Chungking will cost you £80.) The Royal Mint works double shifts, and, unable to get enough male workers, breaks all tradition by employing women. No pennies are coined—the annual 800 tons of copper absorbed is needed for more important purposes—but 23,000,000,000 bronze coins are already circulating, and any shortage is, or should be made good by the un-English twelve-sided threepenny pieces, which have been coined by the tens of millions.

All the figures so far noted here wilt when one looks at the Washington money figures, in gold, currency, bank money, and about to be created by a trifle of $110,000,000,000, or say £27,000,000,000, to be spent by the treasury this financial year.

It's not easy to picture a thousand million of anything. Use a time measure. Christ was born approximately 2010 years ago. Men have lived in the Christian era for 730,000 days, 17,520,000 hours, 1,051,200,000 minutes—call it a thousand million minutes. So, for every minute of the Christian era Britain is spending £5, and America £27.

Consider paying the British one-year bill in pound notes. You would need a strip of notes long enough to wrap nineteen times around the equatorial belly of the earth.

Or think of paying the bill in gold. America owns more than two-thirds of all that indestructible yellow metal mined since the dawn of history; but it would take five-sixths of her vast store, worth $23,000,000,000. On the other hand, it would be more easily handled. A ton of gold packs neatly into a 14.1 inch cube, and a 23,000-ton block of gold would cover Britain's money needs nicely for the current year.

Abandoning astronomical figures, and such old fantasies as paying bills in gold, glance at the most significant of the men, statesmen, treasurers, bankers, brain-trusters, now weaving around in the maze, hoping one day to find the way out—which will be good news for all of us, for our destiny—our jobs, income, savings, way of life—is inextricably tied up with money and its management.

The tall, awkward, baldish man wearing pince-nez and a worried smile, is "Henry-Penny" Morgenthau. The well-endowed son of a successful Jewish lawyer, managing his large estate in a businesslike way, he was Roosevelt's neighbour on the Hudson, his friend, and later one of his political aides. As president, Franklin invited Henry to Washington to handle farm credits and raise farm prices. Morgenthau, who had studied agriculture and economics at Cornell, sent for Professor Warren, his old tutor, and Warren brought along Professor Fisher, a monetary theorist. The professors told Henry that all things are ultimately valued in gold, and the trouble was that the dollar was valued too highly in gold, and so bought too much farm produce. Clip a piece off the gold dollar, and it would buy less : in other words, prices would rise.

Morgenthau took himself and his professors to Roosevelt, who was enchanted with this simple conjuring trick. The original dollar of 1786 was a silver unit, based on the Spanish piastre. In 1792 it was switched to gold; and in 1834 its original gold content of 27 grains was cut to 25.8 grains. "About time it was changed again," remarked the irreverent Roosevelt.

But the treasury raised legal objections to his (*Continued on page 52*)

*LORD KEYNES*

*FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS*



*WALTHER FUNK*

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINE

# The World Is Rubber-Tyred . . .

### *By Walter Shepherd*

CHIEF of the indispensable raw materials in modern warfare are steel, petroleum and rubber. The war uses of steel and petrol are manifold and obvious, but that rubber should be equally essential is, perhaps, rather surprising. Yet every movement of our fighting forces, at home or overseas, demands large and steady supplies of rubber. The cost in rubber of the recent lightning advance of the Eighth Army to Tunisia would probably astonish the average small-car owner.

Wherever 1,000 British tanks are in action there are 80 tons of rubber being constantly worn out and needing to be replaced. Every 1,000 mobile anti-aircraft guns depend for their mobility on 320 tons of rubber. When 1,000 bombers raid Cologne they take 700 tons of rubber with them, and every bomber lost means a loss in rubber equal to 56 motor-car tyres. Every new warship launched needs 70 tons of rubber for its equipment, thousands of merchant ships need rubber-insulated de-gaussing cable to protect them from magnetic mines, and tens of thousands of Service lorries have to be kept supplied with sound tyres.

At the present moment Japan holds 90 per cent of the world's natural rubber resources. She has far more than she needs, and is working hard at its conversion into petrol. At the same time, U.S.A., on the other side of the world, is busily converting petroleum into synthetic rubber. It is the shortage of rubber among the United Nations that has led to the extensive reclamation of scrap, and the rapid exploitation of synthetic products. But though some of the artificial rubbers are better for certain purposes than the natural substance, not one of them possesses all the virtues of native rubber.

The rubber tree, *Hevea braziliensis*, is of the same natural order as the familiar box, and, as its name indicates, it is a native of Brazil. It grows wild in the forests of the Amazon, and the natives coagulate its milky sap (latex) into rubber — or "caoutchouc," as they call it— by (*Continued on page* 58)

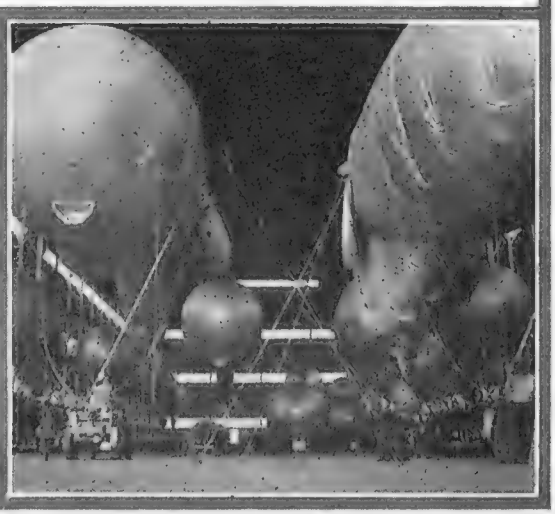
*HEAVYWEIGHTS of the air. Members of a ground crew manhandling a Stirling bomber. Some idea of the size of these aircraft can be had by comparing the men against the rubber tyred landing wheel*

*TWO men in a float. Every machine of the R.A.F., including single seater fighters, carries a dinghy. The picture above shows a two-man dinghy with an aircraftman using the canvas glove paddles*

*(Left)*
*TYRES for army lorries. Men at work moving huge wheels for all kinds of army vehicles. These tyres are bullet proof*

*(Left)*
*A TRIO of Paratroops. Rubber is extensively used in the equipment of these special troops, and they wear a specially constructed helmet when making their "jumps"*

*BARRAGE Balloons. These have a claim on the rubber stocks, and waste rubber reclaimed can be used in the manufacture of them*

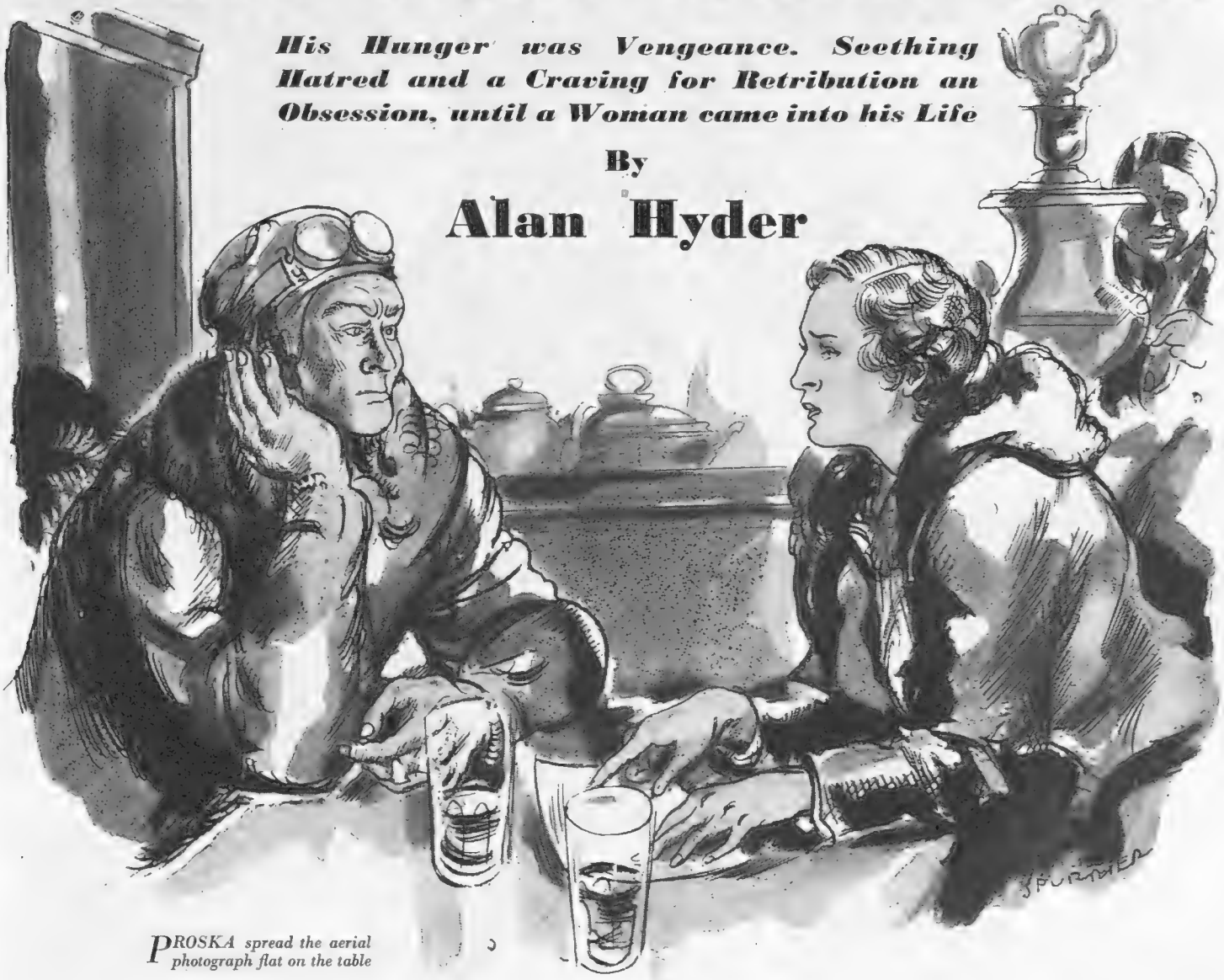


# From This White Hell

***His Hunger was Vengeance. Seething Hatred and a Craving for Retribution an Obsession, until a Woman came into his Life***

**By**

## Alan Hyder



*PROSKA spread the aerial photograph flat on the table*

"LIEUTENANT FYODOR PETROVITCH." The man glanced curiously at her. "You are, perhaps, a relative, comrade?"

A plump, jolly-looking colonel of the Red Air Force, with a Hero of the Soviet Union insignia on his tunic, he had cocked an appraising eye at Proska, waiting in the ante-room of the flyers' mess, as he did naturally at any pretty girl, and stopped and proffered his services.

"No," Proska Kuranova said. "He is a stranger."

"So? And a strange youth. Hard, silent, egocentric. With but one passion in his life: the killing of Fritzes. A wonderful flyer. A genius. But for that, I am afraid he would be hard to endure. Ah, well!" He continued anxiously: "You are sure, comrade, that a cheerier man, one capable of appreciating a pretty girl, would not, perhaps, be a wiser choice?"

"It has to be, Lieutenant Petrovitch," Proska smiled.

"Ah!" An exaggerated sigh of despair. "I will send him."

From the mess came the rattle and thump of dancing, the rhythmical clap of hands, the music of fiddle and tambourine. Shouts. "Those long legs of yours, Romka. Throw them! Cannot they dance in Ryazan?" Laughter and noise. Waiters hurried with trays: two carried in a samovar with its charcoal fire tinting the shining silver redly. The mess door opened to let the tumult escape; shut and confined it again.

From the long passage with many doors a man came and when he stood before her, Proska realised why he had come, not from the cheerful din of the bar, but from the quiet solitude of his own cubicle.

Slim and straight, in blouse and breeches, he held his body tense. His cold, bleak eyes scared her. His face seemed hewn roughly from iron-hard brown wood, its etched lines harsh, cruel almost. Yet Proska's intuition wondered if underneath was not the tragedy of a child who has caught up the fascinating yellow fluff of a baby duckling in a warm fist and, puzzled, seen the fragile morsel expire in the ignorant strength of its caress. She was surprised at his youth. She had, of course, seen him before from a distance and thought him quite old. Yet he could be no more than two or three years older than her own twenty.

"You wish to see me, comrade?" he asked. "I am Fyodor Petrovitch. Is there a mistake?"

"No, lieutenant. I want to ask a favour. Please. If I could explain, somewhere quieter."

"I do not understand. But there is a café by the river. It is quiet. I go there sometimes. I will get my coat."

Proska adjusted her fur hood, donned gloves and fastened her coat. He returned and they went out past the aerodrome buildings to the road to the little town nestling amid white hills. Fyodor did not speak until they were seated in the café by the river, their chairs drawn up to the great china stove, with tall glasses of pale golden tea steaming before them.

Then he said impersonally: "Well?"

Proska glanced at him a trifle nervously. His thin, taut lips gave the impression of being caught inside his mouth by keen teeth to suppress all emotion. She wondered what had squeezed dry his youth and embittered it. Femininely she wondered how he could be softened.

"I work at the aerodrome," she began slowly. "Photography, the printing section. Yesterday I developed this."

She passed a print to him.

"Yes. I remember taking it. It is blurry. The weather was bad."

"It is clear enough—to show my home." Proska spread the aerial photograph flat on the table. It resembled a small-scale map. She traced a winding black thread that was a stream to a point near the edge of the print. "I was born here. In the village of Lebidenskoe. My mother died here. And my father. It was my home."

*FYODOR ran. He bounded forward tugging at the revolver holstered beneath his fur coat to see Proska in the arms of an old man with drooping mustachios and a straggling white beard*

"Now," Fyodor said, and his voice warmed slightly, "it is enemy occupied."

"Yes. When they came I got away. But grandfather, he ran the farm, would not try to escape. He stayed. I love him. Very dearly." The tinge of sympathy in Fyodor's voice unnoticed, Proska was ashamed to exhibit sentiment before this indurated youth. She continued swiftly: "I have examined this print under a glass. Here, to the south of the farm, a spring is hidden in a bank beneath cherry trees. It is rarely frozen, it is so sheltered. And it is concealed, bubbles up and down again in such a short space. Foreigners would not be likely to discover it. But this aerial photograph taken by you shows clearly tracks to and from that spring."

"Tracks that are indiscernable on the ground," Fyodor said, "show quite clearly from the air."

"That spring is being visited. By someone who knows the farm. It is grandfather!"

"Red troops have moved much closer in the last few weeks, but Lebidenskoe is still in the hands of the Nazi beasts——" The last two words were spat out with a virulent loathing that nearly shocked Proska. He said more calmly: "It will come back soon."

"I cannot wait," Proska cried. "I must make quite sure—right now."

"You mean?"

"I am convinced grandfather still hides on the farm. There is a cave we used as a vegetable store. Tracks are there also."

"You could not possibly—you would not be allowed——"

Proska's gesture silenced him. She showed him how close to the edge of their print Lebidenskoe was. "A bridge should be here. But the photograph does not extend quite far enough to show it. Lieutenant Petrovitch, can you remember? Is it still there?"

"I would not know. But these German swine——" Again his words were bitten off with a venomous snarl. He controlled himself and continued tonelessly:

"Aerial photography is mostly a matter of keeping one's aircraft upon a level keel. That and being correctly over the area. One does not study the ground much. And I am in a fighter squadron. This was a job done for a comrade."

"I know. But I had hoped." Proska sighed. "Now I shall have to go to find out. The stream runs deeply between unscalable cliffs. If the bridge is down. . . ."

*FYODOR reeled. Without the support of Proska he could not walk across the bridge*

"You mean you intend to try and reach Lebidenskoe?"

"I must. Grandfather may still be there. This photograph coming into my section is a message from Heaven that I must go."

"When?"

"Tomorrow. I have three days leave. I am sorry to have bothered you about the bridge."

"I am sorry I could not tell you." Fyodor Petrovitch put an elbow on the table, cupped his chin in his hand, and looked at Proska thoughtfully.

A big, vital girl, wide-hipped and deep-bosomed with the incurving of a slender waist to counteract bulkiness. Her milky skin was dusted with the peach-bloom of health. Her eyes clear and wide-set, were dark ultramarine, and very candid. Coiled low on the nape of her neck was hair the colour of sun-burned wheat. She was tall, an inch or two shorter than himself. And altogether, externally the antithesis of his mother who had been short and thinly dark with beady, twinkling black eyes. Yet powerfully she reminded him of her. Fyodor felt his muscles tense as the thought struck that, were he a small boy again he could run to this girl with a hurt and be comforted. At that he rose abruptly, pulled his coat together, and said:

"Excuse me. I would advise you that it is foolish to try and reach Lebidenskoe. Headquarters now. They would perhaps——"

Proska shook her head and smiled wistfully. "They could do nothing with grandfather. I doubt my own powers. But I must go."

"How can you?"

"The morning train for the front. After, I will cadge lifts. Then I will—Oh, I will get home somehow."

Fyodor looked at his wrist-watch. "Again, I am sorry."

When he had gone, Proska felt that the warmth of the stove became noticeable. She smiled at the fancy, and shivered. So unfeeling, so inflexible, so young to be like that, she thought. It is no wonder that the flight speaks of him almost with awe. . . .

In the morning she had forgotten him as she walked to the railway station where huge locomotives flowered plumes of white steam up into the crackling coldness of the air. In a train packed tight with chorus-singing soldiery being rushed, at the end of their training, to spring the steel trap of Stalingrad, Proska sat in an airless compartment jammed between a sleeping major of sappers and a bald, lean, loose-bloused infantryman, who smelt of soap and vodka. Throughout the long journey the infantryman told her of his fat wife who had packed the basket

*Illustrations by Steven Spurrier*

of food and vodka that he invited her to share.

She was glad to climb down at the terminus out of that train. As a child she had been to this market town. She stared about. The place was not merely unrecognisable, it had vanished. Its site remained pitted by great craters that had been roughly filled in on the roads. Where buildings had been were dumps of war material. Soldiers were everywhere.

Walking apprehensively towards the road Proska was tapped on the shoulder. She turned and looked at Lieutenant Fyodor Petrovitch.

"I managed to get three days' leave, too," he said. The remark that from an ordinary man would have been humorous, from him was a sober statement of fact. "I do not sleep much. Last night I thought a lot about you. I had to come. I was late at the station, and you were speaking to someone."

"A comrade with a wife, who wept when he left," Proska smiled. "She was fat. And so jolly. But she cried when he left."

"No one——" Fyodor began and stopped. "Come! Let me carry your haversack. We will try to jump a lorry."

Proska looked at him. "You mean you are coming with me?"

"Yes. A man gnawed by hunger torments himself dwelling upon food. My hunger is vengeance. At every opportunity I torment myself by looking at the desolation wrought by these German thugs. It helps my fighting."

They bumped over the shell-pitted road towards the front, the long convoy of lorries fouling the sweet air with their poisonous vapour. Fyodor spoke only once. To assure Proska that a survey map of Lebidenskoe showed that the bridge stood a month ago.

Behind the line the lorry stopped at a dump that was its destination and they went forward on foot. Fyodor's rank badges and his statement that he was going to inspect a crashed plane took them past sentries that Proska alone could not have passed.

Two figures, tiny in a frozen world whose mantle of white hid indescribable agony.

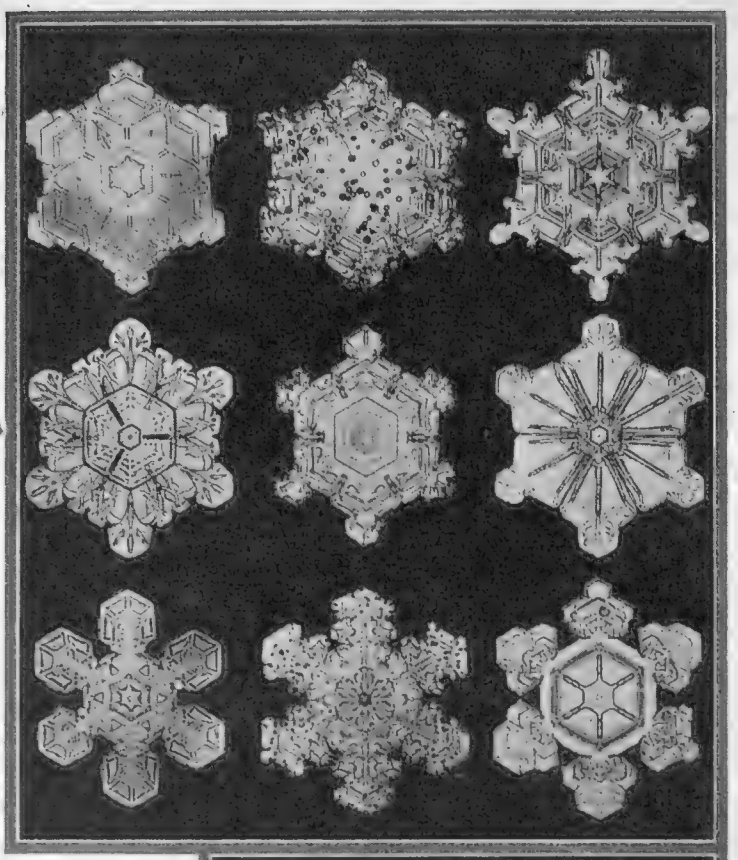
Their footsteps were noiseless. They were silent except when Fyodor asked Proska if she recognised landmarks. Their breath trailed behind them vapourising in the icy atmosphere. Far to the south soot specks dotted the blue-grey of the cloudless sky. A.A. fire over the German army trapped and frozen on the outskirts of Stalingrad; the town of which Hitler had boasted: "It will be taken. You can be sure of that!"

Despite the mounds that were snow-blanketed wrecks of tanks and lorries and battle debris, there seemed here a singular peace.

They found the bridge collapsed, but it was possible to clamber across the broken timbers.

"We are in a part of Russia, an infinitely small part, that is overrun by vermin. Soon it will be cleansed and will live and breathe freely again." Fyodor explained the lay of the enemy front, how it curved on the flanks so the Lebidenskoe, although not actually invested by the Germans, was a No Man's (*Continued on page* 68)

*WHEN water freezes on windows and other smooth surfaces it often exhibits a beauty of design comparable to that of the snow crystal*



MODERN science has revealed a hidden world of beauty in frozen water, especially as it is found in the snow crystal. When viewed under a microscope an undamaged flake of ice and air, which we call snow, is shown to be made up of a wonderful and delicate network of lines, cubes and jewel-like figures of surpassing beauty.

Many years ago, in America, a small boy was allowed to peep into this world of beauty enshrined in snow. He was so fascinated that for the rest of his life he had a passion for recording permanently the beauty that so quickly passes. At first he drew sketches of what he saw, but later he commenced to take microphotographs.

# The Miracle of Ice

## *By Frank W. Lane*

He went to live among the snows of the northernmost mountains of New England, and there, surrounded by his beloved snow crystals, he enshrined for all time on nearly 6,000 photographic plates the snow's hidden world of beauty. His name was Wilson A. Bentley, and to-day wherever men discuss snow his work is consulted. Some of his photographs have been used to illustrate the article you are reading now.

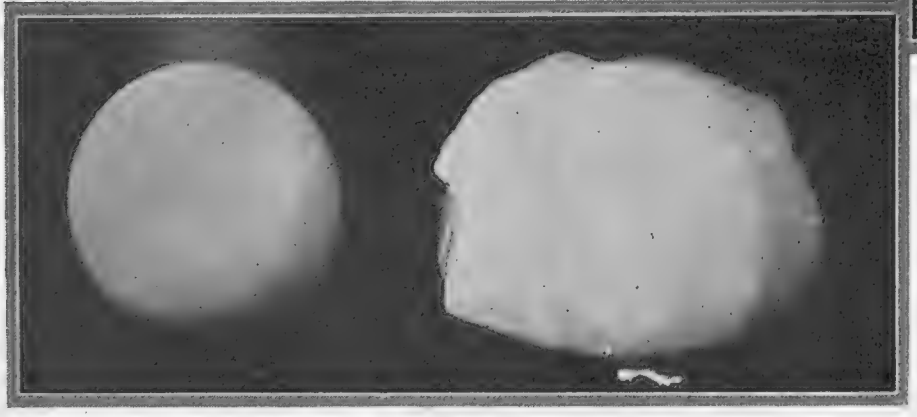
These microphotographs of snow have been put to practical use by the industrial world. Jewellers, art craftsmen, metal workers and even silk manufacturers have studied them in their search for new and arresting designs.

An examination of these microphotographs of snow crystals reveals the surprising fact that although every crystal is built upon the same general plan not one is identical. In fact, in this regard, snow crystals are like human faces —all the same in one way, yet all different in another.

As will be seen from the accompanying photographs, all the crystals are built on the plan of the hexagon and they all exhibit a wonderful symmetry of design. Why this should be so is not known for certain, but Bentley, himself thought that it was due to the water molecules behaving in an orderly fashion when subjected to an equal temperature.

To quote Bentley: "When they (i.e., the water (*Continued on page 52*)

*THE two pictures above are reproduced from microphotographs of snow crystals. As will be seen, all the crystals are built on the plan of the hexagon, and they all exhibit a wonderful symmetry of design. These designs have been put to practical use by jewellers, art craftsmen, and various metal workers*



(*Left*)
*HAIL, another ice form, has none of the beauty of either snow or frost. The specimen of a hailstone reproduced fell in a violent storm at Durban on June 20, 1929, and is photographed beside an ordinary tennis ball. This storm caused £750,000 damage*

# Old Tales Re-told

## An Emperor Frustrated

*How the Beautiful Glaphyra was Saved by a Ruse from the Amorous Attentions of the Emperor Licinius*

*Written and Illustrated by*

F. Matania, R.I.

*Licinius had often shown a predilection for Glaphyra, but he had kept his sinister interest within the bounds of respectful admiration*

IN view of the appalling characters of most of the Roman emperors, it is not surprising that the most formidable empire of ancient history crumbled to powder, never to rise again.

In fact, going through the pages of Roman history and selecting at random, one could assemble a collection of personages that rivals the Chamber of Horrors. Some wore the purple by right of inheritance; others had it forced upon them; and the rest snatched it for themselves by any means in their power, fair or foul.

Ambition and the lust for power blinded them to its dangers to such an extent that they were not deterred by the dreadful end of most of their predecessors. There were periods during the third and fourth centuries when it seemed that no one but a madman could have wished to be at the helm of a vessel constantly on the verge of sinking, and manned by a crew of fickle sycophants who varied their flattery with rebellion and dagger thrusts. Yet the race for power continued as madly as ever, with the prize for victory invariably going to the worst scoundrel competing.

The Roman Senate, even when it was composed of decent and honest men, was powerless against the Pretorians—a body which was accustomed to elect or suppress their emperors according to the mood which swayed them at the time.

When, in the year 303, the Emperor Constantius died at York and named his son, Constantinus, as his successor, the Pretorians resented such a nomination,

*The Empress herself supervised the donning of the disguise, for Glaphyra when she had to part with her*

despite its obvious legitimacy. They preferred to put forward a man of their own choice, whose name was Licinius.

He was of obscure origin, vulgar and illiterate, but well versed in military exercises—a born fighter, endowed with great physical strength and fierce appearance—but totally lacking in the qualities needed for so lofty and responsible a position.

The Senate, in order to avoid unpleasantness, acceded to the demand. Constantinus did the same, agreeing to collaborate with Licinius in ruling the empire. He even consolidated the partnership by marrying him to his sister, Constantia.

She was famous for her beauty and keenness of mind, and like her brother she had adopted the Christian faith. In addition to observing strictly the precepts of the new creed, she strenuously defended her fellow-Christians from the persecutions to which they were subject. Chroniclers of the time have devoted much space to describing her many virtues—her intellectual powers and wide education, her ability in argument and her cleverness in conciliating opposing parties in knotty controversies.

This pearl in the sorry diadem of her dynasty was brought up in Britain and betrothed to Licinius before she had even met him.

At the age of twenty-one she was married.

The nuptials took place in Milan, for "reasons of state." But the majority of decent-minded people were horrified at such a sacrifice. Bride and groom were as the poles apart in outlook and character. Licinius was a pagan, and hated the Christians violently. He loathed every form of culture and everybody who represented it—poets, philosophers, rhetoricians and artists were considered by him to be mere parasites fit only for extermination.

*and it was a sad moment long and beautiful hair*

Another thing that made him so strikingly different from his virtuous wife was his complete lack of moral principles. He practised every vice known to man, dishonouring any young woman who took his fancy, whatever her social station.

To such a man the gentle Constantia was no more than a toy for his occasional pleasure, acceptable so long as she suffered him in silence, but an unbearable nuisance when she tried to instil into him some loftier conception of conduct.

The court was at Nicomedia (now called Ismid), some 55 miles from the Bosphorus. Here in this beautiful spot Diocletian had built a palace well worthy of the Roman standard of magnificence.

Constantia loved the bright sunshine and blue skies; but she would willingly have exchanged them for the duller skies of Britain where, in her youth, she had had sunshine in her heart. There in that beautiful place, with the riches of the world at her disposal, she could have withdrawn herself from active life in idleness and luxury. But she felt it her duty to try to counteract the evil perpetrated by Licinius, as far as she was able. Through every medium of diplomacy she struggled against him, sometimes successfully, sometimes overcome by the lies and deceptions which he practised upon her.

One of her greatest worries was safeguarding her ladies-in-waiting, specially chosen from the noblest patrician families of Christian faith, from her husband's brutal attentions.

These ladies constituted her little world, her consolation and company. One of them, named Glaphyra, described by the historian as "a young person of incomparable beauty and virtue," was her especial favourite.

Licinius had often showed a predilection for this girl, but he had kept his sinister interest within the bounds of respectful admiration. His attentions, however, were a perpetual danger, not only to her but to everyone else.

Benignus—who was to Licinius what Tigellinus was to Nero—was a crafty old fox who had gained the Emperor's favour by pandering to his vice in every way. Endowed with a smooth and ready tongue, he was able to put forward with impunity the most disgraceful and outrageous proposals.

One day he presented himself at the palace to pay his respects to Glaphyra. After many flattering compliments that failed to allay her fears, he came to the point. The Emperor, he said, was unable to fight any longer against the passion that consumed him for the beautiful Glaphyra's charms, and he expected from her the immediate gratification of his desires. With considerable eloquence Benignus pointed out the advantages she would gain by consenting. As for her friendship with the Empress, well—Constantia was so broad-minded that it was clear she would only regard the situation as a further bond of affection. The

*Glaphyra was disguised as a young tribune who was travelling on a secret mission*

absurdity of these arguments upset Glaphyra still more. However, she had sense enough to suppress her horror and make a polite answer to the effect that she was grateful for the honour shown her, but felt she could not accept it.

Benignus did not press the point. He had sown the seed, and now he would leave it to sprout—having promised his master that he would deliver a *willing* Glaphyra into his embrace.

As soon as he had left the palace Glaphyra rushed to Constantia, clasped her knees and broke into sobs as she related what had taken place. "I am doomed! I am doomed!" she cried.

The Empress knew that Licinius would stop at nothing to gain what he wanted, and secretly she shared the girl's dismay. She kept calm, however, and exhorted her to do the same, for she would find some means of thwarting the brute. Then she added: "Give me a little time in which to decide what is best. I brought you here, and now it is my responsibility to protect you."

Soon she had made her plans. Glaphyra must be spirited away. As it so happened, she was of tall and slim stature and would look well in male attire. So thus disguised, and provided with money, she would leave Nicomedia under escort for a secret destination. In strictest secrecy her apparel was prepared, together with an equipage suitable for a long journey. The Empress herself supervised the donning of the disguise. All feminine clothing was discarded, and the "fascia" wound tightly round Glaphyra's breasts. It was a sad moment when she had to part with her long and beautiful hair. At last she was ready; dressed in tunic, paenula and travelling cuturnus. It was decided that she pass as a young tribune travelling on a secret mission. Constantia provided her with credentials and a large sum of money.

(*Continued on page* 61)

*In the midst of a group of dusty horsemen was an old man, bound and fettered, mounted on a mule*

A STRETCH of Pennine country, seen from the top of Buckhaw Brow, near Settle

"THE Silent Inn," near Haworth, a hostelry made famous by the late Halliwell Sutcliffe. The proposed Pennine Way would open up this area to more hikers

THE castle at Skipton, Airedale, a thriving little Yorkshire market town, a few miles from Malham, and within easy reach of the projected new "Pilgrim's Way"

WENSLEY, the village which gives its name to one of the dales that would be served by the Pennine Way

KILNSEY, one of the best known hamlets in Higher Airedale, with the famous Kilnsey Crag in the background

# The "Pennine Way"

## Through Dale And Moor

### *By Arthur Gaunt*

WHEN peace returns, and Britain's outdoor folk have the opportunity once again to hike through the countryside, new facilities for indulging in this pastime may await them. For among the post-war projects is a plan to provide a 250-mile "ramblers' way" along the Pennines.

Already the nucleus of the scheme is in existence, and a Pennine Way Association, supported by leading open-air organisations, exists to promote and develop the idea. The project, which aims at linking up several already popular hiking regions, has been put before the Government. The scheme was, indeed, introduced before the outbreak of the war, and though wartime conditions have necessarily caused a postponement of its being carried to fruition, outdoor folk mean to see that it is given very careful consideration in the plans for a Better Britain.

The object is to establish a continuous trodden unmetalled footpath from Derbyshire's lovely Edale to the Cheviots. Such a route would connect the Derwent Valley with the windswept moors of the Lancashire-Yorkshire border near the far-famed Brontë country.

It would continue towards Ingleborough, giving easy access to Higher Airedale and Higher Wharfedale. Farther along the footpath would descend into Swaledale, hemmed in by the great fells, before going through the Stainmoor Gap in the Pennines and reaching Teesdale.

The Roman Wall and the border country would be actually on the route or within easy reach, and to facilitate the use of this footpath, existing Youth Hostels would provide night accommodation, and new ones would be established.

The inauguration of such a modern Pilgrims' Way, if the plans fully mature, will provide healthy enjoyment for large numbers of northern ramblers, and southern hikers who follow the route will find that the Pennines offer a wide variety of scenic and other interests. (*Continued on page 62*)

# Garden Of

***This Hallowed Retreat held Memories of the Past, but Patricia found in it Comfort and Hope for the Future***

**By Trevor Allen**

LIKE the wives of other airmen living near the aerodrome, Patricia had learned the unwritten law: chins up, everything under control whenever the news came that a fighter was missing.

The only thing that mattered was the happiness shared between ops. and sending one's man off with a smiling *au revoir*. No bellyaching or self-pity. Just a cheery manner and the usual jokes:

"Don't forget your hot-water bottle in case you come down in the 'drink'."

"If it's a 'piece of cake,' don't forget to bring me home a slice with plums in it."

You might have a sinking feeling while your man was out on a sweep, but you didn't necessarily stay in your room, watching and waiting. It was better to mix with the others for tea and a talk or a drink, or join the village working party, or go for a walk. If you were unlucky you didn't whimper—or not so that any one would notice; you just drifted away, back to your home, or relatives, or friends, and others took your place. Patricia had seen many come and go: the daughter of an earl, a former shop assistant, dancing instructress, typist, lady's maid, all taking it on the chin, all worthy of the grand boys they had married.

It was almost like the army: "Old guard, dismiss! New guard, 'shun!" The reaction came afterwards, when you were a long way off and could not do the others harm by your tears.

Patricia's favourite walk was to the Garden of Remembrance; a hallowed retreat in a private park a mile from the village. How beautifully it was laid out, how peaceful each memorial plot with its flowers and trees and rock-garden, how lovely the sunken garden with its colonnade, and flagged paths, and trim, variegated beds!

Down by a pool, fringed by silver birches and willows, was one in memory of a young airman who had been lost in those unforgettable 1940 days of the Battle of Britain. This she loved most of all, and never thought of asking herself: Wasn't it morbid, and a little strange—an airman's wife coming to such a place when he was out on operations? All she knew was that it soothed her, she felt companioned and not alone. His R.A.F. wings were carved on the back of a garden bench; below them were his rank and name, and the date when he was "killed in action, aged 21 years." She would rest on the bench, looking over the pool to an old moss-covered stone bridge, listening to the chirrup of birds . . . and always say a silent prayer.

And now *her* turn had come. Yesterday Ronnie had flown off as gaily as ever with his squadron, and the rest, as far as he was concerned, had been—silence. Silence broken by the kindest of words from the group captain, kindness from every one—the kindness you get in quiet under-statement, brief, sincere, undemonstrative, with a hand on the shoulder, even a chins-up

# Remembrance

smile which seemed to say : "Now then, old girl—*you can take it.*" Ronnie was "missing."

Take it? At first she wasn't sure. She had to fight hard not to break down—bite her lip and force something back which came welling up from a heart numb and yet aching, aching. Then she told herself : "I'll try, I'll try." Hadn't she seen others do so, and win their battle? But she had a bad night, lying awake in the cottage bedroom with the small diamond-paned casement, turning from side to side, hearing the church clock chime the hours, seeing dawn steal in to reveal the terrible emptiness of the room without him, listening to the birds and hardly daring to read into their matin songs a faint message of hope.

Mrs. Bate, the homely soul who had let them the room, brought her breakfast in bed that morning.

"Now don't you hurry to get up," she said. "You take it easy, and have a nice rest. It's a lovely morning. Just tell me if there's anything you want."

Almost before Patricia could thank her she hurried out again, closing the door gently behind her. It wasn't the first time she had taken breakfast up to the spare bedroom, and left as quickly. "They don't want to talk, the poor dears," she told her husband over the kitchen fire. "They just want to be left alone. I know how I'd feel." At all other times she was a stickler for meals in their proper place, at the proper hour. "Deeds is better than words," she told herself, and felt she was saying all she wanted to say in climbing the creaky old oak stairs with the tray, and placing it by the bed. They'd talk, if they wanted to. But they rarely did.

Patricia was sipping her tea when another knock sounded on the low latched door, and Cynthia came in. That, too, was exceptional, for Cynthia, the wife of Ronnie's closest pal in the squadron, was no martyr to early rising, and normally preferred the country in small doses, well aired, round about ten o'clock. Now she was up and doing before eight-thirty, and had come from the other end of the village.

"Glad to see your landlady is spoiling you, dear," she said, matter-of-factly, but with the tenderest of smiles softening her grey eyes. "I won't ask how you feel."

"Oh, nothing to shoot a line about," Patricia replied. "I'm all right. What about some tea?"

"Thanks, but I had mine at the crack of dawn. I just wondered what the programme was for today—if you'd come over to our place, or—well, whatever you feel you'd like to do. I've got a completely free day, if you don't mind putting up with me."

Patricia's mind was already made up.

"I said I'd join the working party at the Old House—Lady Whatshername's—this afternoon," she told Cynthia, "and I think I'll stick to it."

"Alone?"

*Illustrations by Rowland Hilder*

*A YOUNG airman—very young and gallant, and boyish—stood just in front of her, smiling, watching her with very intent, very still eyes in which there was humour and serenity*

"Yes. May I? Do you mind, dear?"

"You know best. *Honest?*"

"*Honest.*"

"That's settled, then."

They talked casually of other things, and then Cynthia left. That, too, was part of the unwritten law—never to fuss, or try to persuade, or make a song about it; to treat the whole thing as if nothing very unusual had happened, and it was just a day like any other day; to stand by, if needed, but to let the other decide, and never to intrude oneself, one's sympathy. That was there in any case, an accepted thing.

Patricia had resolved to keep the working-party date, not only because she had promised, and thought it would help her, but because she could take in the Garden of Remembrance on the way. More than ever was she drawn there this empty day; more than ever did she crave the restfulness of that garden seat by the pool, carved with the young airman's wings, and the screen of willows and birches, and the dreamy bird-song. Above all, she wanted to be there alone.

SHE put on a dark grey tailored suit with grey jumper and turban—the one Ronnie admired so much—and took the solitary road out of the village immediately after lunch. It was a hot afternoon; the walk tired her. Listlessly she sank on to the seat and sat there a long time, thinking. Then she shaded her eyes with her hand, and began to murmur a prayer; and as she prayed, tears came. She was drowsy after her restless night; the place soothed her, the birds soothed her; she sank back on an arm of the seat, feeling the warmth of the sun like a benediction about her, and sleep, blessed sleep, stealing over her—the sleep that would not come to her in the night.

"This is a good place, isn't it?"

The voice—a man's—did not startle her. It was almost as if she had expected it. A young airman—very young, and gallant, and boyish—stood just in front of her, smiling, watching her with intent, very still eyes in which there was humour and serenity.

"I love it," she answered.

"I, too, I've loved it all my life—especially when the gardens are a mass of Bermuda lilies—my favourite flower. I used to come and fish in that pool."

"Are you on leave?" she asked.

His smile deepened.

"In a way."

"I don't remember having seen you at the aerodrome."

"No. I wasn't stationed there. Have you been here long?"

Patricia explained that she had arrived only a few weeks previously.

"And now you're alone," he said. "I can see you're alone." His still eyes seemed to be searching through her.

"Yes," she replied quietly, "I'm alone."

His voice suddenly became urgent, vehement.

"But you needn't worry—you needn't worry at all. You needn't think he's gone. He'll come back to you. He's safe. Do you hear me?"

Patricia was too deeply affected to answer.

"I *know*," he went on. "So please don't worry. Good news will come. I'm so glad you love this place I love. So glad——"

The voice, the vision, dimmed. She heard other voices fading in—the voices of young girls.

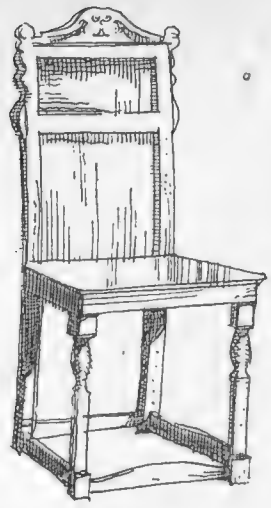
"Look at her—talking to herself—asleep!"

"Shut up! Don't be rude!"

Patricia opened her eyes and saw two schoolgirls gazing at her from a path behind shrubs. One of them was giggling. The other, blushing, drew her away, and they were lost to view.

She was startled. She must have dozed off in the sun, and dreamed. Yet there was no distortion in the dream. The young pilot officer had stood *there*, and nothing in the background had changed. She could still feel his (*Continued on page* 58)

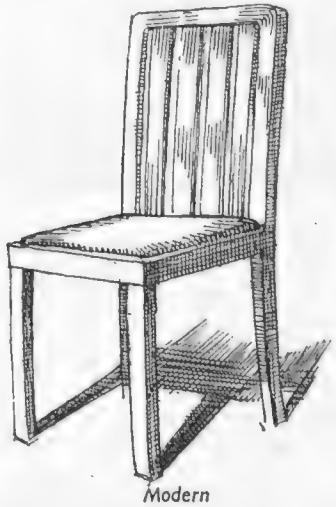
*SHE lingered on the grass plot, by the seat, letting the peace and beauty of that friendly place sink into her anew*



Early Jacobean

Regency

Queen Anne



Modern

# For Hours Of Ease

## By M. Lovett Turner

CHAIRS are so personal. They possess even more character than the beds we occupy for nearly three-quarters of our lifetime. Is there a home belonging to the not-so-newly-wed that does not possess grandmama's chair and its attendant footstool? With its neat upright back, padded and buttoned, it is a fitting background for the ghost of that Victorian lady who carried awe and not a little fear into our childhood's days. The low cane-seated rocking-chair, tucked away in the corner, must have been a boon to our mother, who considered singing her babies to sleep one of the first duties of motherhood. Then there was father's chair, so sacrosanct that we dare not even sit in it when alone; and mother's chair, smaller and without arms—for mother rarely had time to rest her arms, they were always busy knitting or patching for her ever-growing family. Our own high chair, hidden and discarded in the attic, carefully preserved in case it should be needed again, speaks of the time when its encircling board kept our restless limbs in confinement during meals. The semi-circular board in front served the dual purpose of occupying our fingers and saving the large, white damask cloth from unsightly pudding stains.

To-day, when sprawling, upholstered chairs invite rest and refreshment, and Government-bred furniture combines elegance and utility with reasonable prices, it is almost impossible to visualise the days when chairs were considered unnecessary, only to be used by the lords and ladies who needed their added dignity to uphold their rights.

We know nothing of chairs in the dim days of prehistory. The one that Canute ordered to be placed at the fringe of the incoming tide would have been of wood, with high back and solid arms, an ancestor of the Coronation chair that rests on the Stone of Scotland in Westminster Abbey—the very stone on which Jacob rested his head when dreaming of angels from heaven—or so the ancient monks taught.

Although the overbearing Norman barons brought with them priceless tapestry and gay hangings, their furniture was of the rudest. They sat on stools or chests, while benches set against trestle tables were all the comfort our forefathers knew when eating or feasting, very different from the low, bed-like couches on which the diner reclined in ancient Rome—an attitude that must have been most undignified, and bad for the digestion!

Medieval chairs, or similar types, can be seen in many churches, for ecclesiastical furniture, as well as buildings, had not then taken on a distinctive style. A bedroom scene of the fifteenth century, where a lady has evidently "been brought to bed of a child," shows the young mother, neatly coifed and her attendants wearing horned head-dresses, lying on an upholstered and curtained bed, while the nurse sits on a chest in front of the fire. A chair with a rounded back stands in solitary grandeur in front of the bed, evidently too important to be used.

Queen Elizabeth

Mary Stuart

Queen Anne

Queen Elizabeth II

With the growing importance of trade and the rising in the social scale of the merchant in the days of the Tudors, furniture became more general. We find chairs of substantial oak, with high backs and jutting arms, taking their rightful place in the house. In true Gothic fashion they were finished with pinnacles, and had cushions of velvet or leather to make them more comfortable. Henry VIII, huge mountain of decaying flesh that he was, found walking upstairs not to his liking and had a chair made that, according to Agnes Strickland, was used for poor suffering Queen Anne two centuries later. Gout and obesity made this beloved Queen unable to walk from room to room so she "was lowered from the ceiling of one room into another by means of a chair fitted with pulleys and tackle. It is possible, says this clever historian, that the apparatus and contrivance still remained at Windsor Castle, which had been used for the Queen's enormous predecessor."

Pepys mentions a chair in his diary that might have been made from the same model. During a visit to the house of Sir William Batten, Commissioner of the Navy in days of Charles II, he was shown "in My Lady's closet a chair, which he called King Harry's chair, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which made good sport." How this gay, laughter-loving rogue must have enjoyed the joke! Not so the poor unfortunate woman found guilty of nagging her husband, for the "scold's chair" was often used in olden days as a punishment. It was an iron contraption, fitted on to an iron bar that enabled the crowd to enjoy her efforts to release herself from its iron grip as she was plunged up and down in the village pond.

THE real history of the chair starts in the ostentatious days of the Merry Monarch after the Restoration of 1660. The pendulum then swung from the stern simplicity of Puritan household to the fantastic days when Charles brought back French fashions—and mistresses—from his exile on the continent. In the apartments of Louise de Kerouaille, created Duchess of Portland for the charms that captivated the King, we read of furniture made of "massy silver and out of number." Nell Gwyn, her rival, was not to be outdone, for included in a bill for £1,135 3s. 1d. from John Coques, a cabinet-maker, is a bedstead covered with silver plates and adorned with many figures. Similar chairs would, without doubt, have been made to match that glittering bed which, if set in her room panelled and ceiled with mirrors, must have been overpowering in its brightness. What a change from the drabness of life in the back streets of London for Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

As was natural, French furniture became the fashion during the left-hand reign of Louise, and marquetry, or boule furniture, inlaid with metal or shell, was imported in large quantities. The highly ornamental type, known by the graceful name of Louis XV, was scarcely suitable for chairs, but the type that followed in the reigns of Mary Stuart and her sister, Anne, was eminently so. It was then that chairs started on their upward career, reaching the height of comfort and utility in the days of Chippendale and his successors. The ball-and-claw foot gradually dissolved into the straight legs and strengthening stretchers we know so well. The lifelike fruit and birds so painstakingly carved by Grinling Gibbons lost favour, and pierced geometrical splats took their place, though often uneasy, fluttering ribbons added to the drudgery of the lady with the duster. Georgian chairs were made with (*Continued on page 64*)

# Salt Is The Sea

## *An Old Man Reforms to Fit Himself to Serve His Country Once Again*

### By B. L. Jacot

THE old man was sitting on a bench just outside the gates. The six o'clock shift was beginning to pour out on to the Coventry Road, a flock of bicycles, and he watched them as if he were looking for something.

He was a toothless, shrunken old fellow with a wrinkled, weathered skin and a bunch of hard knuckles on his hands, but his eye was keen. It had a salty blueness. But what made him conspicuous was his clothes. His jacket sleeves were turned back half-way to the elbow. The trousers must once have belonged to a portly racing tout. Whoever had doled out the rig had topped it off with a bowler hat, flat-rimmed, and horsy.

" What's *he* looking for? " the Home Guard sentry asked the gateman.

" Doesn't seem to be able to make up his mind whether he wants a job or not."

" At his age? "

The gateman shot another glance at the figure on the bench. " Been hanging around for a week. When the six o'clock shift's cleared off he packs off, too."

But this evening, when the rush had tailed off, the old man came up to the gate. " I'm applying for a job, mister," he said.

" Well—what d'you think *you* could do?" the gateman asked.

" I'll tell that to those entitled to inquire." He was bantam size, but, now that he had made up his mind, the old fellow knew how to assert himself.

The gateman directed him to fill in a pass then sent him along to the Staff Manager's block, with a messenger as escort. The man and the boy were about the same size—they made a funny-looking pair as they trailed across the car park towards the huge sheds of the aircraft factory. They had to pass the doors of the heavy machine-shops on the way. The old man's nostrils twitched at the hot smell of metal turnings and coolant. His chin lifted to the hammer and patter of the pneumatics.

WHEN he had filled in his application form the clerk in the office ran a critical eye over the old man's outfit. All sorts applied for jobs—and all sorts got jobs, but nothing quite in the line of this application had come along since he had been on the job.

" You don't state what sort of engineer," he pointed out. " Ever worked in an aircraft factory before? "

" I've not worked in an aircraft factory."

" We could start you on assembly. But you'd have to pass the doctor."

" I'll pass the doctor," the old man told him.

From the Staff Manager's block they sent him to Welfare, and he sat on a bench once more, turning the bowler hat in his thick fingers, for half an hour, before the young doctor got round to seeing him.

" You're nearer sixty-four than fifty-four," the doctor said " Where do you come from? "

" I've come here to do a job of work," the old man said. " I'm an engineer. And if they're engineers in these parts, too, they'll judge me by the work I do."

" Very well." The doctor eyed him keenly. " Perhaps it's not my business. But you've been ill, haven't you? "

" A bit under the weather."

" You're—you're what we might call a drinking man? "

" Not now." He raised his eyes belligerently. " If you want to know, that's what put me under the weather. Giving up drink."

" You've given up drink altogether? "

" I've not taken a drop for more than three months."

" Your trouble is under-nourishment. But food soon puts that right. You have a tough physique."

" When do I start work? " There was anxiety in his voice, difficult to conceal. " You're not going to turn me down. I'm as fit——"

" I'm not going to turn you down. You can start as soon as they'll let you."

They started the old man at eight o'clock next morning in assembly, with a trolley gang of three other labourers. " Take it easy till you get down to it, Grandad," the foreman told him.

" I don't need to take it easy," he growled. " I was doing a hard day's work before these lads were born."

But the trolleys that first day nearly killed him. The youths with whom he worked tittered at his clothes, for they had seen him before he got into his dungarees. When he knocked off, he missed his hat. One of the youths was grimacing in it, pretending to be a monkey.

The old man was dazed with fatigue. The unaccustomed strain on his physique had left a tremble in his hands. But he snatched

*THE trousers must once have belonged to a portly racing tout. Whoever had doled out the rig had topped it off with a bowler hat, flat-rimmed and horsy*

the hat from the boy's head. "You'll lay off my gear, young feller," he warned.

"Garn! Grandad!"

For a moment the old man thought they were going to gang up on him. He was not ready for them. He felt too weak from the strain of the trolleys. But they turned and left him to go home in peace.

That night he slept like a log, but the second night his need for a drink was so desperate it kept him awake. But he had something stronger yet with which to fight it. He changed his lodgings to a room to himself. He ate in the canteen, full, nourishing meals. The third day his work began to pick up. He could keep level with the three boys who were in his gang.

Then came his first pay-day. He started off for his lodgings with the money in his pocket. It was a tidy walk to his lodgings across the shopping district with its pubs. He turned back into the gates and left his money on deposit, except for a margin to cover his lodging, his food, and the price of a cloth cap to replace the bowler.

With the second week his muscles had settled in. He set a pace the young men did not like, and it gave rise to heated talk. The old man made the mistake of sneering with the result that the doctor met him again in his little surgery.

" You collapsed," the doctor explained, when he came round. " Nothing wrong, except that you went at it too hard. The foreman tells me they've been ragging you a bit."

" Not that I've noticed."

" They've complained that you're holding up work."

" They—what? Why, doctor, I set the pace. Those young puppies, their only idea of life is cigarettes and girls and —and——"

" At your age you can't try to work young men underground. That sort of thing only leads to getting carried in here on a stretcher. There's something behind all this, isn't there? "

" What do you mean, doctor? "

The young doctor held his eye steadily for a moment. " You came here from an infirmary. A public institution." He hesitated to say home, but all the indications were present.

" I'm not saying where I came from. I've shown them I can work, haven't I? "

" Yes. I'm only trying to help you. You've been a ship's engineer, haven't you? "

" Your guess is as good as the next man's."

" It isn't. Not where engineering is concerned. But it's a guess I put up to the foreman, and I wouldn't be surprised if you got a change of work."

They transferred the old man to the machine-shops and within a quarter of an hour he showed that that was where he belonged. But the old man paid one more visit to assembly. The doctor heard of it. Two youths brought in a third, who held his face in his hands with blood smearing down through his fingers. Just what he had said the doctor never found out, but the old man, it is clear, had not liked it.

The old man bought himself new boots, and in his new cap and his dungarees he looked different. Good food filled him out, but the smell and the sound—the feel of the shops made a great difference. He was making good money, but he never touched a drop to drink.

For upwards of a month the old man worked away in his corner of the machine-shop, steady as clockwork. He never had much to do with any of the others. He was a fine machinist, and they left him alone. It seemed as if some purpose steadied him. Certainly something held him to the job.

Then, as suddenly as he had come, the old man left.

Only the doctor had any notion why he left, and the doctor never told any one. A doctor hears quite a lot of things about the queer angle some folk appear to have on life.

The old man came to see the doctor before he left the factory. " Would you say that I am pretty fit, doctor? " he asked.

" For your age you're very fit. Why do you ask? "

For quite a while the old man stood silent, turning his cap in his hands. It seemed as if he had something to say and did not know how to start.

" I've got something I would like to ask you," the doctor said, rocking on his heels and looking out of the window. " At first I thought it was getting back to the trade you'd lived (*Continued on page* 62)

*Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead*

*" You collapsed," the doctor explained, when he came round. "Nothing wrong except that you went at it too hard "*

# On Duty—and Off

At a small dinner-party the other evening, I found myself sitting next to a Member of Parliament who had a great deal to say on the subject of the Beveridge Report. After I had listened to his stern lecture for some time, I asked him what he thought of the Rushcliffe Committee. "The Rushcliffe Committee? What is that?" He looked a little puzzled as he added: "Of course, I know Rushcliffe very well, but what is his Committee?"

"Perhaps I should have said the Rushcliffe Nursing Committee and the Report dealing with salaries and conditions of hospital nurses."

My Member of Parliament looked vague, and murmured something to the effect that nurses had always had a hard time and anything that increased their pay was a step in the right direction.

As very few of us can get through life entirely free of illness, everyone should be interested in the nursing profession; but human nature being what it is, most people get all the attention they can out of a nurse while they need her and forget about her as soon as their health returns.

Those who should study the Rushcliffe Report most seriously are the mothers and fathers whose daughters are thinking of taking up nursing as a profession. If you had a daughter, would you like her to take up nursing as a profession?

By Jane Gordon

WE grumble about all the beauty aids that have disappeared, and we are not sufficiently thankful for those that are left to us. There may not be much, but what we have is good. Consider the powder problem. You can still get Elizabeth Arden powder, which is so fine and smooth in texture that it is wonderfully lasting. There is also a little Tattoo powder in four shades—Nude, Flesh, Brunette and Native—for the reasonable sum of 3/7 a large box, including tax. Coty's "Air Spun" now comes in wartime packs. It is not easy to come by, but when you do find it, you have the satisfaction of knowing that the quality, quantity and price remain unchanged.

## OFF DUTY

You may not be able to find the lipstick you used to wear in pre-war days, but there are plenty of first-class lipsticks. For instance, there is still a good supply of Tangee Natural and Theatrical Red in medium and large sizes, at prices ranging from 1/10 to 5/-. Gala, for off-duty evenings, is another grand lipstick. The lipstick itself is 4/6, and the refills, which fit almost any case, are 2/6. You may be lucky and find a Gala powder and Gala cream at 4/6 each. Cream rouge is almost impossible to find, but there is a little powder rouge about. It is most unlikely that you will be able to get any well-known brand of eyelash cosmetic, and it would be most unwise of you to use an unknown make, so the best plan is to give your eyelashes a rest cure and treat them to a tiny smear of vaseline each time you make up. You will be surprised how long and curly and dark they become after a few weeks of this care. Optrex, which used to be considered almost as much a necessity as a toothpaste, is now as rare as champagne. If you are lucky enough to find a bottle, save it for special occasions.

THERE is no doubt about it that Lord Rushcliffe has done more for the nursing profession than anyone since the days of Florence Nightingale. The girl who takes up nursing now will work only ninety-eight hours a fortnight. For student nurses, this should include lectures and tutorial classes not held towards the end of the duty, and, what is more, extra time worked during epidemics or other emergencies should be made up of extra overtime. Night duty should not exceed more than three months at a time for student nurses, six months for sisters and staff nurses, and no staff should be engaged for permanent night duty.

Every nurse, including the student nurse, is to have one complete day off a week, and twenty-eight days' leave, in one or more parts, with pay, each year. During leave, a holiday allowance of 15/- per week should be paid to the resident nursing staff, and 10/- to the non-resident staff. There is also sick pay for all grades, and it is recommended that full indoor uniform should be provided free for the use of the nursing staff.

Pay for the student nurse is £40 for the first year; £45 for the second year; £50 for the third year; £60 for the fourth year before State Registration, and £70 after State Registration if under a four-year contract. The emoluments are valued at £75 a year.

Compare this with the student nurses of the last war, who started at £18 a year, were on duty from seven in the morning until eight at night, with two hours off duty every other day. The nurses' living conditions in those days were lamentable. They often lived out in ramshackle houses, unheated, where mice chewed holes in their clothes, and the hospital food was disgusting. In one big teaching hospital, the Matron informed the staff that she knew they would prefer to go short themselves in order that the Tommies might have the best of what was going.

## ON DUTY

At present, the highest nursing post in a hospital is the ward sister, but if a nurse wishes to earn more money and get on in the profession she must cease to be a nurse and take up administrative work. Although the ward sisters' pay has been increased, it has not really been brought into line with that of the administrative work.

Now we come to one very serious nursing problem which should be faced by the public, who are shirking the issue and leaving it entirely to the Ministry of Labour. This is the problem of tuberculosis nursing; and the Ministry of Labour hints strongly that nurses should be directed into this work. I know a girl of eighteen who is becoming a student nurse in one of the largest L.C.C. hospitals and has had to sign on for three months' tuberculosis nursing out of every year.

No matter what may be said to the contrary, the danger of tuberculosis nursing for young girls in these days and under present conditions is (*Contd. on page* 61)

# BRAINS IN

**Replacements grow more difficult, handy-wives tackle repairs and maintenance**

Furniture, too, gets war-weary and shows it with scratches and dents on polished surfaces. A face-do can be carried out with plastic wood, which is sold in tubes at most good hardware shops. Apply the paste on a knife, work it in and plane off level with the surface. Give the paste time to dry before staining over with permanganate. For light woods treat with wax polish only.

First places to give out in rubberised mackintoshes are behind the buttons. Adhesive tape applied in the vulnerable places will prevent tears and is quite effective in other places where holes or rents in the fabric have already begun to show. This type of reinforcement is invisible from the outside, can be applied in a few moments and can be renewed just as easily as often as the needs occurs.

This is rough treatment for felt hats, but felt hats seem to like it. When the colour has dimmed and the pile has lost its lustre, take a piece of fine sandpaper and gently rub over the whole surface of the hat. A circular motion is best, and if you hold the hat in the steam of a kettle while the rubbing progresses, the final effect is a new hat. Remove the trimmings before you start.

A sleeve-board for blouses and silk dresses is No. 1 essential for good ironing results. If you haven't one, a small boy's cricket bat, even a toy one, is good subject matter for improvisation. Pad the bat with strips of old blanket, cover this with an outer wrapping, and catch the two edges neatly together with needle and thread. Iron with the smooth side of the pad towards the garment.

Suspenders, zip fasteners, elastic—the very words are terms of endearment now. In any case, cossetting these treasures cannot be carried too far, especially in washing. Open suspenders and close zip fasteners before putting them into water. Press and whisk them about in warm soapsuds and rinse well. Roll in a towel. Never wring or twist elastic garments if you value their lives.

Morale takes a header at the deep end when shoe shabbiness steps in, and it steps in a little more frequently in these times. Cracks in brown shoes are amenable to persuasion with simple tincture of iodine. Take a little on a fine paintbrush and dab it sparingly into the cracks. Let it dry and polish thoroughly with a good shoe cream. Repeat the treatment whenever the need arises.

# HER HANDS

men are a memory, so resourceful house-
with fingers made skilful by necessity

A little soap rubbed into the part of a drawer which jams eases the movement miraculously. Rub the soap on quite liberally and leave some of it adhering to the wood. Even a small application of ordinary wax furniture polish will help. Never plane or file a sticking drawer, because the wood may shrink again when the atmosphere returns to normal, and then where are you?

Sagging springs in chairs can be given rejuvenating uplift with ease by stripping off the old canvas and webbing. Stretch the new webbing tightly across the springs; tack down firmly and replace the canvas covering. This, too, must be stretched tightly and tacked close together along the edges, so that there is adequate support as the springs bear down from above.

Reinforcement for new rugs to prevent wear at the edges is sound strategy. Similarly, old rugs that are showing tatters can be repaired by sewing a length of webbing along the underside of the edges. Use a carpet needle and strong carpet thread. If the edges are already badly frayed, cut them carefully away and turn under the raw edge beneath the new piece of webbing.

Loose covers get their professional look from being modelled on the chair. Pin the material together, piece by piece in their appointed places, placing the material inside out and pinning the seams exactly where they must be sewn. Do not attempt sewing until the whole cover sits trimly on the chair without a wrinkle or a crease. A small, all-over pattern is the easiest to match up.

Raincoats and mackintoshes splashed with mud and moisture come right out with a new face after cleaning with a solution of cold tea to which a little cream of tartar has been added. Thoroughly shake the coat to remove loose dust, then brush over the spotted surface with a soft toothbrush dipped into the solution and hang to dry away from direct heat. Press with a very cool iron.

Long life for hot-water bottles, now so hard to come by, consists in careful pampering. Wash them regularly when in use with warm, soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added. Dry very thoroughly on the outside with a soft duster, and hang to dry away from heat. Hang always with the stoppers out and the necks of the bottles hanging downwards to allow drainage.

# YOU'RE ASKING US . . .

*I have an old black classic tailleur, with low revers, link fastening. I'm tired of it. How can I give it a different look?*

Once I should have said take no liberties with a classic, but the clothes exigencies of to-day have elasticised that rule. Nevertheless, you will still have quite a tussle with your alteration tailor who thinks the old way about classics. Overcome his scruples, get him to fasten the revers high, as in this sketch, and if necessary, to slope a piece off your rever points, which are probably very wide. Then with large black velvet buttons, a black velvet collar, velvet pipings on your slit pocket, the shoulders padded out as far as they can take it, your jacket will look fresh and young. While in the rule-breaking mood, take more liberties, this time with a plain tailored shirt. Put a lace frill around its revers. Echo it with a matching lace choux on an ageing hat.

*My sailor husband has sent me a length of authentic printed silk from Ceylon. Give me suggestions for making it up, please.*

A blouse-and-skirt dress, made in two pieces, is a fine idea for an all-things-to-all-women dress. First of all, the style is comely for practically any type of figure. A bloused line, by some alchemy, has a way of hiding both avoirdupois and excessive thinness, while it accents a good, shapely bosom as effectively as a skin-tight sweater. Then the blouse-and-skirt dress has more than one purpose in life. You wear the two pieces together. You wear the printed blouse with an odd skirt, with your suit, with a long evening skirt, right through your repertoire. And for a really ritzy outfit, on a sunny day, team the skirt with a severe dark blouse and dark short gloves. Then you just sit back and wait for the compliments.

*I have an old jumper, pre-war vintage. It is fluffy now and out of shape. If I unpick it, will it be worth knitting up again, and what could I make? I don't want another jumper at the moment.*

Old wool is well worth making up again. Unpick the seams—undoing where you cast off, not on—and wind the wool into hanks over a book, tying each hank carefully in about four places. Then wash the hanks in warm, soapy suds, and rinse well. Dry, the wool will be as new. You could knit a ribbed woollen waistcoat with matching gloves (or ankle socks) and snood. Or if you are tired of snoods, crochet a wool beret—this means one flat circle, and one part of a circle joined together—and slip a real beret inside it to give body. There are almost as many ways of wearing berets as of cooking potatoes. Two cute ones are drawn here.

# Readers' Dress Questions Answered

**By Jean Burnup**
**Editor Women's Department**

*I have to bring out again my old, occasional jacket, cut like a cardigan, rose pink in colour. How can I zip it up, and what colours should I wear it with?*

Here are two odd-jacket revivals which, properly done, could both have long runs. The first has six mitred tabs, dark in colour, either buttoning through or pretending to. For the second, you knit an edge as in a real hand-knit cardigan, and add a large hand-knit breast pocket. If accessories are due for consideration, you can safely and elegantly key it with navy, nigger, black, burgundy. It is exciting mixed with dark bottle-green, violet, prune ; soothing with clerical grey or light navies. Free colour mixing in one garment adds cheer and uses up fabric hangovers. The jockey-blouse front shown is suggested in cinnamon and lavender, but colour-mixing, to-day, you can almost close eyes and pick shades with a pin.

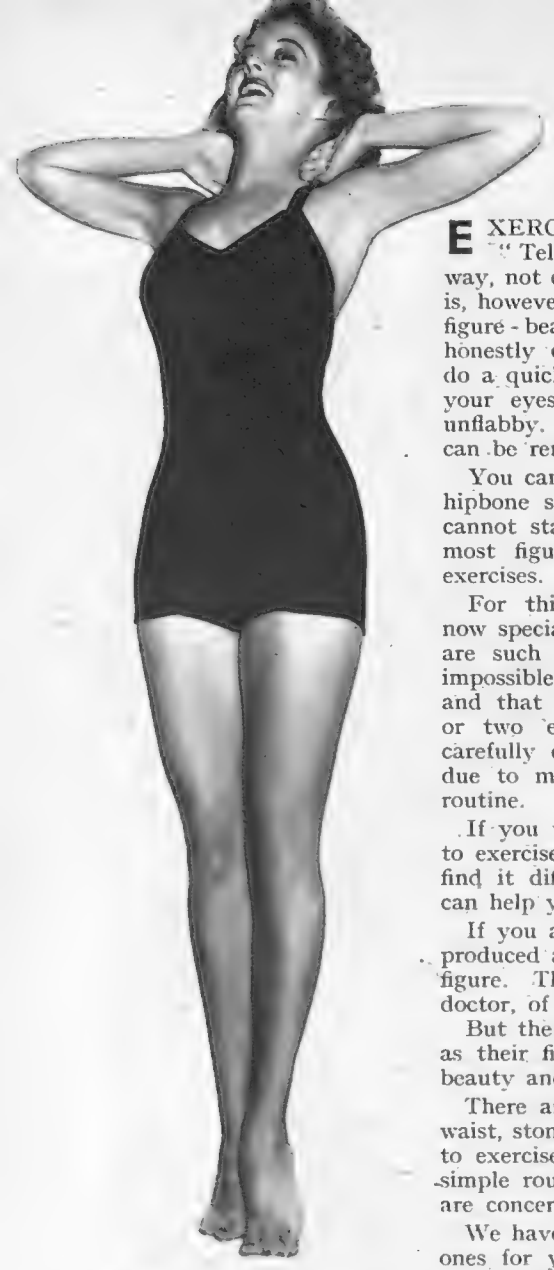
*My daughter is about to buy a new dress. Please give me some pointers—styles of the moment that will last.*

The dress of to-day is quiet and restrained, with little trimming, a fitting, flattering line. Although there are fewer shades to choose from, the colours available are challenging, brilliant. Vivid reds, carbon blues, violets, run neck to neck with the quieter background greens and tobacco browns. A cross-over bodice (at top) with a striped dicky collar, dropped in, is a happy idea, with many change-over possibilities. The favoured light-weight woollen shirt waister has a rather full belted bodice, an open-collared neck, which can also button to the throat a pouchy bodice. Two or three narrow belts fastened in a row and wound round the waist are a nice touch. Dressier frocks are usually beltless. They are strategically draped. And when I consider real elegance and flattery, I think of well-placed drapery.

*I was lucky enough to get a nutria fur coat just before purchase tax came in. It will have to go on for ever. Please tell me how to look after it.*

As you would a baby. Cosset it, cherish it. Have it cleaned regularly, not only for the look, but for general hygiene. Furs pick up germs as well as dirt. Regular cleaning also helps to repel moths. When you are not wearing your coat, take no chances and put it in cold storage. It is the only real safeguard. Furs love cold, hate heat, which can effect their colour and texture. The pelts are made supple by the introduction of special greases in the dressing process. Over-heat causes these greases to dry, leaving the pelts brittle. So keep away from fires and radiators. If you get your coat wet, shake it as an animal shakes its coat. When dry, shake again, beat with a thin cane, and brush the right way. Too much friction causes rubs and breaks and bald patches. Lift your coat for sitting, don't hold it tightly around you, don't clutch a handbag under the arm ; watch the pocket edges, fasten buttons with gentle fingers. The danger areas of a fur coat need vigilant attention. Attend to a split immediately or it may tear badly.

# Are You Too Fat, Too Thin, Bulky, Out Of Condition? The



*Evelyn Keyes, Columbia star, shows a fine exercise to combat tenseness. On the toes, abdomen pulled in, chest up, arms up, chin up, the head relaxes against hands held loosely at the back of the neck*

EXERCISES are the Cinderella of the beauty world. "Tell me how I can reduce—a quick, effective way, not exercises . . ." is the usual plea. The fact is, however, that determined exercises are the best figure-beautifiers that anyone, at any time, can honestly offer. If you have the strength of will to do a quick and simple routine, you will stay younger; your eyes will be clearer; your skin smooth, flesh unflabby. And the majority of bumps and lumps can be removed.

You cannot produce a wasp waistline if you have a hipbone starting almost beneath your last rib. You cannot starch into pristine uplift a sagged bust, but most figure faults can be remedied by specialised exercises.

For this reason many of the beauty salons are now specialising again in exercise treatments. There are such endless individual figure faults that it is impossible to suggest a coverage for every figure, and that is where the salons are so invaluable. One or two exercise treatments carefully advised, and carefully carried out, can help you. Bumps can be due to muscle, fat or flesh—each needs a different routine.

If you want to pep up your physical prowess, turn to exercises, too. If you are working very hard and find it difficult to relax, difficult to sleep, exercises can help you.

If you are about to become a mother, or have just produced a child, exercises will help you to keep your figure. They have to be done in conjunction with your doctor, of course.

But the first thought in most women's minds as far as their figure and exercises are concerned is—figure beauty and youthfulness.

There are certain highlights in figure beauty: hips, waist, stomach, breasts, neck are the easiest to respond to exercise treatment, and you can, as a rule, follow simple routines to remedy any defects as far as they are concerned.

We have selected a few of the simplest, most telling ones for you to try; but if your troubles are more complicated, you would do well to get individual advice from a specialist who can see and study your figure.

1

1. Feet and Ankles. Standing erect with feet together, raise yourself on tip-toes. Lower on to heels again. Then with one foot directly in front of the other, toe to heel, and holding on to something lightly for balance, raise yourself on toes again, taking even weight on both feet. Lower. Repeat with other foot.

2

2. Dowager's Hump. Standing erect (or sitting erect), clasp your hands lightly on top of your head, elbows held well back. Shrug your shoulders upwards, lower again. Repeat several times.

3. Hips. Standing erect, raise the left knee until you can clasp it in your hands, pull it upwards against your chest as high and as close as you can. Repeat, each leg alternately.

4. Breasts. Stand with your arms extended in front of you. Bend your elbows, taking the inside of the left elbow in the right

# Health And

## Count Your Calcium

Calcium deficiency is evident in poor teeth, weak, brittle or breaking nails, and, of course, rickets. One pint of milk a day used to give you nearly all the calcium necessary for the adult body. You now have 7½ grains of calcium to make up in devious ways because of the lack of milk.

You can make up the calcium deficiency, but it does take planning. The table here gives you a rough idea of the method in which you can, slowly but surely, build up the calcium intake. It only touches a few of the foods which will help to make up the calcium needs of your body. All the green-leaf vegetables help, so does fish.

Calcium is the leader of the band of minerals that are needed by the body. It makes one feel like a valuable piece of war salvage to know that the body has to have potassium, phosphorus, magnesium, iron, sulphur, iodine, copper, chlorine, sodium and a few other minerals. But if, in addition, you attend to the intake of calcium and phosphorus for the health and beauty of your nails, teeth and the strength of your bones, your body will get a good supply of the other minerals simultaneously.

The amount of calcium needed each day by a man is 10 grains, and women who have passed their prime can also do with this amount; younger women need about 15 grains; a mother-to-be needs nearly 30 grains a day, and growing children need 30 grains to insure strength of bones and teeth.

Of course, the foundations of our teeth and bones are built when we are infants and children, and for that reason it is essential for mothers to be careful about their children's diet. The body prefers to assimilate the calcium contained in the normal food intake rather than to get large doses sent down in tonic form, but if your calcium diet is really deficient, you can take some of the excellent calcium preparations obtainable.

You will notice that the preparations nearly always combine Vitamin D with the calcium. This is because the body is unable to absorb calcium unless there is Vitamin D, and this brings us to this other very important factor for teeth, bones and nails.

Adults need from 200 to 500 international units of Vitamin D daily; infants under six months need 2000 units, and children from six months upwards need up to 5000 units daily.

In sunshine, the body can manufacture its own Vitamin D; that is why it is so important for the body to get sunshine whenever possible.

Vitamin D, calcium and phosphorus are the trio that will take care of all your bone structures, teeth and nails. And although the foundations of

THE DAY'S CALCIUM

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ½ pint of milk | - | 2½ grains |
| ½ oz. of cheese | - | 1½ ,, |
| 1 lb. of potatoes | - | 1½ ,, |
| ¼ lb. of radishes turnips kohl rabi | - | 3½ ,, |
| ¼ lb. of watercress lettuce spinach carrots | - | 2½ ,, |
| ¼ lb. of tomatoes | - | 2½ ,, |
| ¼ lb. of prunes parsnips | - | 1 grain |
| | Total | 15 grains |

# Answer Is . . . Exercise

3

hand and the outside of the right elbow in the left hand. Keeping the shoulders still, and elbows up, push the left elbow out as far as possible. Only slight movement is possible, but you should be able to feel the muscles of the breast working. Repeat, alternating elbows. Breathe in as you press your elbows out.

5. Thighs and Legs. Standing erect and holding lightly on to something for support, lift the right leg and shake it loosely, repeatedly, feeling the flesh shiver jelly-like. Repeat with each leg alternately.

4

6. Relaxation. Standing erect, pressing upwards with your breast, lift arms overhead and then crumple into a sudden collapsed position, bending down touching the ground and letting all air out of your lungs as you bend. Gradually revive into upright position, breathing in as you rise.

*★ Two in the series of exercises which the Elizabeth Arden specialist has evolved for avoirdupois, sleeplessness, pregnancy and figure faults*

5

6

**HIPS AND THIGHS.** Lying on your stomach, feet and legs raised in the air at right-angles to your body, take a book and read for as long as you like. As you read, raise each knee alternately from the floor and lower so that thighs hit floor alternately and rhythmically. The longer you keep it up the slimmer your thighs and hips will become.★

Here is another. Lying flat on the floor, knees raised, feet together, arms extended, roll hips from side to side, keeping feet and knees together all the time. First the left leg should touch the floor on your left, then the right leg touch the floor on your right. Repeat rhythmically until tired. This does magic for the hips, and also treats the waist.★

**WAIST.** The old-fashioned toe-toucher cannot be beaten if you do it correctly, stretching the waist upwards at each side before relaxing into the downward bend.

Sitting flat on the floor, legs apart, raise the chest and diaphragm, stretching upwards at the waistline, and then bend, trying to touch either knee alternately with your head. Keep your hands on your hips. When you have succeeded in touching your knees, try touching the floor in front of you.

**STOMACH.** Lie flat on the floor, hands on hips. Raise the left leg about nine inches from the ground, hold it there. Raise the right leg to the height of the left. Keeping the feet nine inches from the ground, swing them apart. Hold them apart (still nine inches from the ground) for a count of ten, lower them to within three inches of the ground. Bring them together again and then lower them to floor. Repeat twenty times.

**BUST.** With your hands straight down at your sides and palms facing frontwards, move both arms gradually backwards as far as they will go, as if you are trying to make the backs of your hands meet. Keep the arms straight. Repeat several times. Breathe in as you press the arms backwards.

**NECK.** Turn your head slowly to the right, forcing the head around until your chin is over your right shoulder. Bend head slowly in nodding movement, backwards and forwards, pulling at the muscles each time. Be sure not to raise the shoulders. Repeat to left. Alternate several times. Roll the head around as loosely as possible three times to the left, anti-clockwise, and then three times to the right, clockwise, to prevent any feeling of dizziness. Repeat this several times and then repeat the entire exercise, only keeping the muscles contracted all the time, so that you can feel the pull.

# Beauty By Chrysis

*If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1*

these are laid in childhood, deficiencies will have effect in the rapid deterioration of teeth and nails, no matter what your age.

It is necessary to look after the wear and tear of teeth and nails once you have strengthened the foundations. If nails are weak, cut them down to finger-tip length and keep them short until your additional calcium and Vitamin D has had time to infiltrate into the actual growth of the nail. Forgo polish and let daily nail-brushing, vaseline at night, and a palm buffer polish groom them.

Teeth can be strong, but all teeth need occasional visits to the dentist to have tartar removed and any signs of decay checked up. Once, out of the two or three cleanings a day, use an equal mixture of salt and bicarbonate of soda on your toothbrush.

A sufficiency of calcium, or a calcium preparation taken at the beginning of autumn will greatly help to discourage winter chilblains, colds and coughs.

Remember that during the summer months and concentrate on your calcium; get your sunshine and Vitamin D, and make sure that you have an absolute minimum of 10 grains of calcium per day.

*The Kent-Crosby brush has two special features—a removable-bristles section, simplifying washing, and a pad behind, which takes your perfume and imparts it to your hair*

## Your Hair

**Greasy hair, dry hair, grey hair, coarse hair, fine hair—the basic hair-care routine is the same, with a clean brush, massaging and pulling. Pulling is the treatment for hair that is cut short—it adds the extra tug that long hair gets in brushing which short hair misses. So if your hair is short, give it a good, energetic brushing to zest up the roots, and then take hands-full of hair and tighten the fingers so that the roots are tugged firmly. All of this increases the circulation, stimulates the scalp action, and remedies nearly every hair problem. Massage a tonic into starved hair or grey hair and a stimulant into greasy hair.**

# But it's only a beautiful dream...

*For my husband to write me from his Air Force station to say that they entertained the W.A.A.F. officers to dinner in the Mess, that there was dancing to all hours and a marvellous time was had by all, but that I was never out of his thoughts*

*That my boy-friend—who notices these things—will contract an idiosyncrasy which carries with it the genuine conviction that my legs in utility lisle have more glamour than those of Dietrich in her one hundred gauge*

*To have my mind put at rest by the certain knowledge that all the seductive sirens of the East, to which my husband has been recently posted, should turn out to be like this*

*For the new model hat which a friend, married to a war profiteer, has just acquired to be mistaken, by some weird combination of circumstances, for salvage and wafted irretrievably away*

*Just once to have the fishmonger ring me up again, and say, "I have some good fresh fish this morning, Madam. May I send some round?"*

*When I go out in my hashed-up-with-new-trimmings ensemble from the year before last, that my critical and well-dressed friends should greet me with, "What, another new dress . . .?"*

# Books:

*Reviewed by*
*Noel Thompson*

LET me start to clear the deck of this month's books by getting off my chest the war books, and those which have a wartime background, though by so doing I am relegating to a humbler position than they deserve, some of the "escapist" or peacetime books. But at any rate it will halve the reading for those of you who have already firmly made up your minds as to the type of books you want to read.

Pierre van Paassen has followed up his "Days of Our Years" with "That Day Alone" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), written in his own clear-cut style. To start with, he deals with France just before the outbreak of war, and his views conform with those of Ilya Ehrenburg in his just published book. Incidentally, he describes a meeting with Ehrenburg at the censor's office in Paris. He describes a country muddled, misled and unwilling to go to war because it mistrusted — and rightly — its leaders.

From there he takes us to Gorcum, a small town in Holland, where he was born, gives us its history and make-up and describes the effect of the coming of the New Order. Then follow a dozen cameos and short stories from all parts of the world and a number of excellent chapters "Irrevocable Hours" telling of vital moments in the history of the world during the past twenty years. They explain for themselves how they lead up to the war. Most scathing indictment of all is the detailed chapter on General Weygand. This is an informative and vivid book.

Charles Graves's seven heroes of "The Thin Blue Line" and "The Avengers," make their third appearance in "Seven Pilots" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), and he has a better story than ever to tell, a story which typifies the life of the R.A.F. In short, Jock Riddell tackles in Sunderlands and submarines, and rescues in the Battle of the Bay of Biscay; Tommy Halton goes "intruding" in Bostons; Paddy Tallard in new Wellingtons in the Middle East, and in Lancasters at home has thrilling adventures; Ginger Plesanton does daylight raids in Bostons, Kit Crocart is in the latest Spitfires, Henry Ireland in Halifaxes, and Hugh Calverley joins the night fighters. First-class descriptive stuff all based on fact.

On the other hand, Elizabeth Foster goes in for pure and very entertaining fiction in "The Days Between" (Collins, 8s. 6d.). She tells of a mixed party who escape at the last moment from Paris and head for Bordeaux, only to break down through lack of petrol in the heart of the countryside. All of them would, for various reasons, be of value to the Nazis. They take refuge in a deserted *manoir* and have to scrounge their own food and drink, and make possible living conditions. The party includes an arms manufacturer who cannot fire a revolver, an M.P.'s daughter, a well-known Communist, a famous dress designer, a stage star, and an American architect. Gradually the party works out its private and communal difficulties in the face of hard realities.

FIRST book from a well-known journalist comes from Stephen Watts in "The Pale Horse" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d). In the intervals of soldiering Watts has written a number of cameos, rather than short stories, which are very true, of a phase of modern life, especially when he deals with the girls of the West End. I liked best "If Daddy Had Lived," and "Heels Across the Sea," a nice piece of satire. Now he has broken the ice, we can expect more from the same source, and I shall be glad to see it.

AND now to leave the war behind us and switch to Virginia after the American Civil War. "Drivin' Woman," by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a long book for these days, but not a word too long. America Moncure, at eighteen, has to take over the leadership of her family, of a mother and two young sisters. She falls in love with a wastrel riverboat gambler and her life becomes one long struggle and adventure.

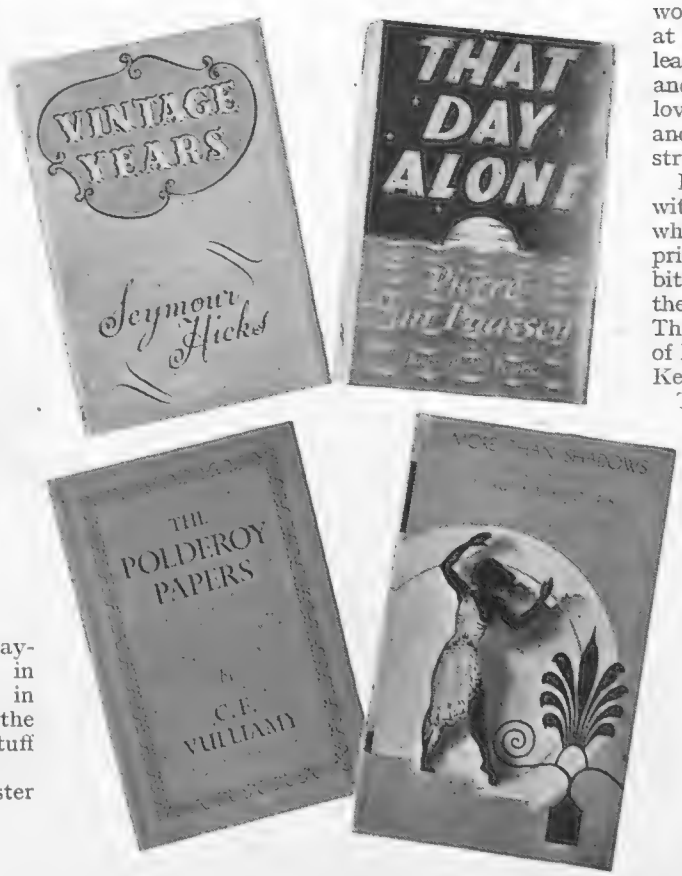
In Kentucky she has to struggle with tobacco growing at a time when big combines are forcing down prices. The story works up to the bitter fight between the farmers and the Tobacco Trust in New York. This is a detailed story with plenty of New York atmosphere as well as Kentucky. Kentucky wins—just.

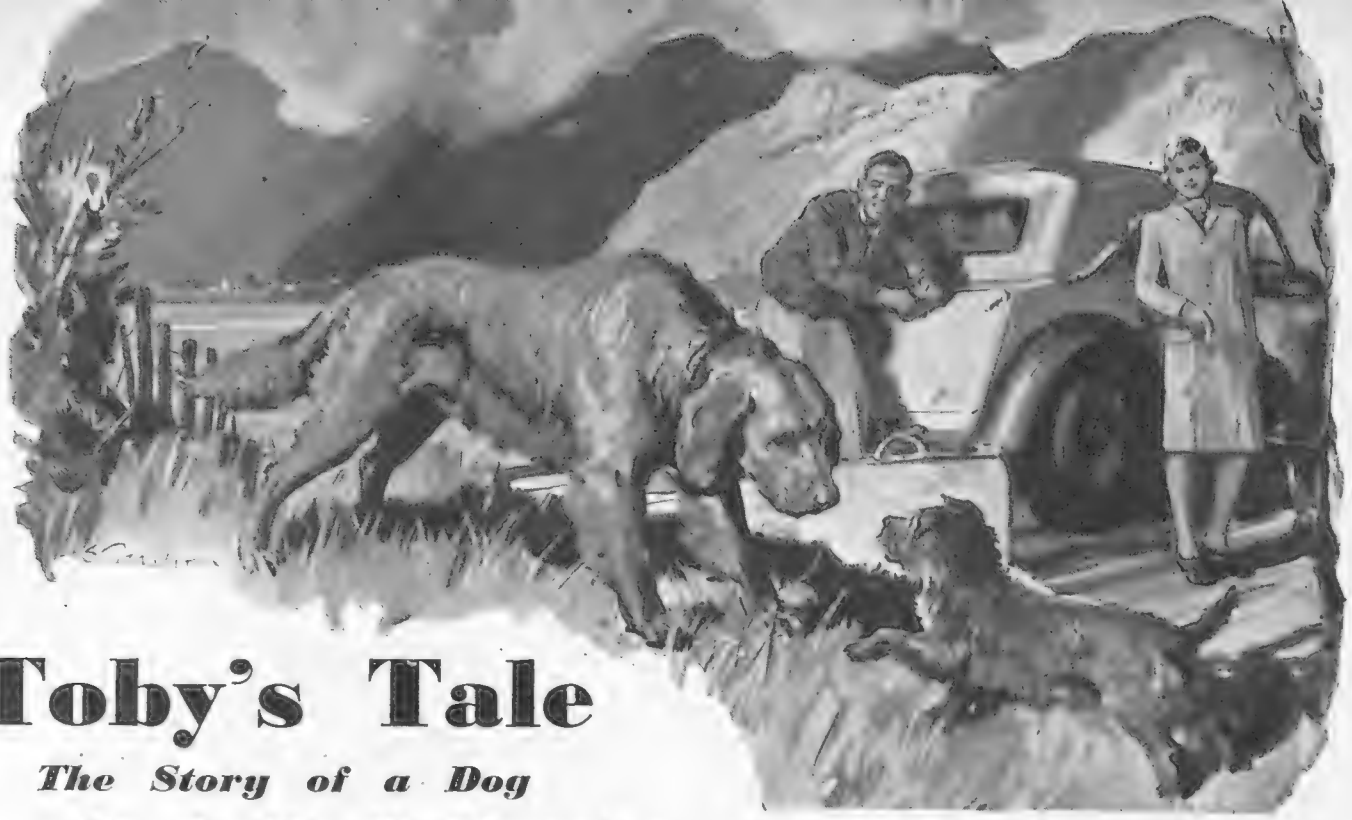
There are really three stories in "It Happened Like This" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.). A. S. M. Hutchinson blends them most cleverly and straightforwardly despite the fact that they involve two attempted murders of very different type and an unlikely but amusing love affair. He does this through novelist Norval Wing, who tells the stories, and they never lose interest. Incidentally, Norval Wing advises one character to avoid using the word "funny" when what (*Continued on page* 61)

## First Novel Succeeds

I HAVE rarely read a first novel which struck me as more promising than Kenneth S. Davis's **"In the Forests of the Night"** (Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.). The setting is in Minnesota, where great schemes for the re-afforestation of vast areas are being carried out. The hero is a drunkard—with a reason.

From headquarters a man is sent to investigate the drinking charges and, in view of their accuracy, presumably to sack the man. The investigator is a man who was shell-shocked in the last war, and war has just been declared again. He finds an extraordinary bond with his victim by realising that he too was shell-shocked. Kendall, the victim, has an unfaithful wife, and a seventeen-year-old son. It would be a shame to spoil the tale by telling of the dramatic and satisfactory climax, with no mock heroics. There is a magnificent description of a terrific blizzard, and I put the book down very well satisfied. I could not claim it as faultless, but there is some grand writing and a first-class tale.





# Toby's Tale

## *The Story of a Dog*

### By J. W. B. Worsley

I HAVE heard it said that I was born in January, 1938, and that my father was a Scottish terrier and my mother a Sealyham. I remember very little before I reached the age of four months, when I left my sister, Sue, and came to live with my present master and mistress. But I heard my master say that I came from two good breeds and that I was no mongrel. After that I thought I must be a more important person than I knew when I lived in the cellar of the neighbouring inn.

I lived a happy life in my new home, although at first I found it strange among so many rooms. But there was a fine large garden in which I was allowed to run. My mistress had a very grown-up Airedale terrier named "Pan." He was evidently a great pet, but was very friendly to me. My master and mistress also had a small boy named Oliver, who had come with his mother to fetch me from where I lived before. I learned by keeping my ears open that he was named after somebody in the family called Oliver Cromwell.

They talked as though he had lived a long time ago, and I heard my master read from a large book that "he belongs to the small circle of great kings," and that he was the best judge of a horse in England. I wondered if he had any dogs among his friends, and what it would have been like to have lived in those days, and what sort of food they gave to small puppies.

In my first summer I was taken to drive long distances. The first drive took a whole day, but we stopped several times and had little runs. My master carried some water for me. He knew that I was sometimes very thirsty. But when we came to a place near where the River Thames joins the sea I saw much more water than I could ever drink. I did not know that we should come to this place again, and that something would happen which I should not forget. When we drove home again my master and mistress were upset on finding that Pan had fallen ill just before our return. He died before my master could telephone to a man to come to treat him for his illness. But Pan was just able to see his mistress and to wag his tail. My master used some word—I think it was "pathetic"—and said he was reminded of the story of a dog named "Argus," who was left at home very long ago when his master went to the Trojan war. When this master came home again, after many years, Argus lived just long enough to show that he knew him. But that was not all the story, for his master arrived disguised as a beggar, and none of the masterfolk knew him, but only the old dog, Argus. So I think we dogs are sometimes rather clever people.

*I MET a great golden coloured dog named "Midas," who could have eaten me up, but was very kind to me*

After this sad day we were due to start on our travels again, and this time we went northwards to Cumberland—nearly as long a drive as to the Thames. When we arrived at the house where we were to stay I met a great golden coloured dog named "Midas," who could have eaten me up, but was very kind to me. In the evening, after our masterfolk's dinner, we played in the drawing room, and when I was tired I crept under a sofa where Midas was too big to follow. Then I came out again when I had had a rest. My master said that Midas looked the part of the dog who greeted a stranger on a chance meeting long ago :—

"I am Her Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

When I heard this I (*Continued on page* 64)

*Toby with his master and Oliver*

*MY sturdy Scottish ancestry rose up within me*

# Classic Jersey

**MATERIALS**

6 oz. Copley's 3-ply Excelsior wool; Nos. 10 and 11 needles; 4 buttons; a short spare needle.

**MEASUREMENTS**

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 21 ins.; sleeve seam, 5 ins.

**TENSION**

7½ st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

**THE BACK**

Cast on 104 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work as follows:—

**1st row.**—* P. 4, k. 6; rep. from * to end, ending p. 4.

**2nd row.**—* K. 4, p. 6; rep. from * to end, ending k. 4.

Rep. these two rows until an inch is worked. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 124 st. (keeping rib at sides). Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. (ending on a k. 4, p. 6 row). Now k. 2 tog., work up to 5th k. 6 rib. This is to be cabled. S. the first 3 st. on to spare needle, k. next 3. Now k. those on spare needle. Work 6th rib in same way. Work to end as usual, ending k. 2 tog. Continue the ordinary rib and k. 2 tog. at beg and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Do not dec. any more and when 1½ ins. are worked since cable twist, rep. it. Work 1 in. since 2nd cable twist. Now twist the 1st, 3rd, and 8th and 10th ribs. Work 1½ ins. since this cable twist, then twist them again. (Continued on page 64)

# Brief Cardigan

**MATERIALS.**

8 oz. La Laine 3-ply in burgundy; 1 oz. beauty pink; 6 button moulds; No. 10 needles.

**MEASUREMENTS.**

Round bust, 33 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 20 ins.

**TENSION**

7½ st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

**THE BACK**

Cast on 100 sts. with burgundy. Work st.st. for 5 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 130 st. Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 93 st. (1 extra dec. one side). Work straight until armholes are 3 ins. round curve. Join in pink and work as follows (on a K. row): **1st row.**—K. in pink.

**2nd row.**—P. in pink.

**3rd row.**—* S. 1, k. 3 in burgundy. Rep. from * to end of row, ending s. 1.

**4th row.**—* S. 1, p. 3 in burgundy. Rep. from * to end of row, ending s. 1.

Rep. these last 2 rows. These 6 rows form patt.

Rep. them until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 29 sts. (still keeping patt.). Cast off.

**THE RIGHT FRONT**

Cast on 60 st. in burgundy. Work first 10 st. always k. and others in st.st. for 4 rows. Now work a buttonhole on the all k. border as follows: K. 2, cast off 4, k. to end of row.

**Next row.**—P. up to border. K. 4, turn, cast on 4, turn, k. 2. Work 8 rows, then work another buttonhole. Work 2 ins., then (Continued on page 64)

**ABBREVIATIONS**

K. = knit; P. = purl; M. = make; S. = slip; St. = stitch or stitches; Tog. = together; Beg. = beginning; Rep. = repeat; St. st. = stocking stitch; Patt. = pattern.

# Baby-in-Arms

IF by some miracle we could ourselves have chosen the moment for our debut in this world, few of us would have deliberately chosen the present.

To have opened one's eyes upon the greatest conflict in human history is, on the face of it, a poor piece of timing. The little baby of today is certainly a baby in arms. He is in the war feet first with the rest of us and no hazards excluded, yet, on further reflection, is the newcomer to the world of war as badly off as we incline to think?

Setting apart the physical dangers which are shattering to all humane instincts but which, in fact, are important to the baby only on impact, is there not, in general, a better prospect of life for the baby of today than there was for his predecessors of even just a few years back?

Among the strides that have been taken by scientific thought in the years of development since the last war, none have been more significant for the nation at large than those which concern the science of infant welfare.

IMMUNISATION is just one factor, but what a factor. . . . Your baby in arms of twenty years back was in greater danger of his life from epidemics than the baby of today is, in this country to date, from exposure to bombs. Typhoid, diphtheria were killers that slaughtered thousands in the days before the magic serums came to immunise the young and old against these attacks.

In this sense, every branch of medicine has developed so fast that in the everyday complaints the danger to life is negligible, where reasonable precautions are observed and immediate counter measures taken.

Wider and wider publicity has made known the dangers of such commonplace ailments as measles, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, all of which, in their turn, leave the most serious complications unless the strictest observance is kept. Rheumatism in later life has been traced, in many cases, to an infection left in the throat by scarlet fever.

Eye affections, ear troubles, and other hidden but serious menaces have been proved to follow upon measles when the disease is not carefully watched in the convalescent stages. Chicken-pox—which nobody in the old days took much heed of—is established as the forerunner of anæmia which, though not serious at its onset, may grow and flourish until, in adolescence really serious symptoms begin to reveal themselves.

THE modern treatment for anæmia is one of the recent miracles of medicine that parents have to be thankful for. Under-nourishment—which is not by any means entirely the result of under feeding but more often of injudicious diet—has, in the past, brought the scourge of anæmia to countless numbers of young children whose health and development have been permanently retarded by it.

Blood tests have made it possible to detect this silent disease in its earliest and most undetectable phases. Injections of iron and liver now bring new life into the blood stream in an incredibly short time and start the machinery of good health pulsating again in the vital rhythm essential to the development of every function.

Pneumonia, though always dangerous, has lost its most frightening character with the appearance of the wonderful new drug M. & B., which arrests the development of the disease in a few hours and reduces the long and tedious phases of convalescence to a comparatively short period.

Even birth itself is a safer business by far than it once was. In fact a baby's chances today of making a safe and normal entry into this world are just about one hundred per cent higher than they were in what are erroneously termed "the good old days."

Cynics may retort that the advantages are questionable of a safe arrival in a world as unsafe as this one is, but that at best is a one-track point of view and leads nowhere.

Then, too, there is the whole subject of dietetics, which in recent years, has dawned upon us as one of the major factors in the health of the very young.

Scientific foods, the discovery of vitamins, have made it possible to ward off disease and to keep the natural resistance of the human body at its highest point.

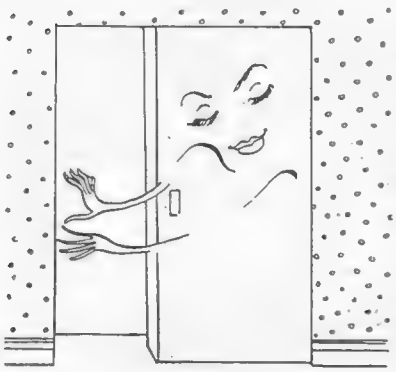
FIFTY years ago, and even less, your baby could, and easily might, have succumbed to one of the many dangerous complaints which were attributable to the faults and deficiencies of civilised diet. Rickets was outstanding among these and accounted for many thousands of deaths as well as for puny, weak and even deformed specimens of adult life whose diet in babyhood was deficient in calcium and iron which can now—when it is not for any reason provided by the normal diet—be given in the simplest tablet form. Even wartime diet restrictions hardly affect the little baby as seriously as it would seem. Thanks to modern chemistry, deficiencies of fat can be made up with cod- and (*Continued on page* 62)

**Louisa Kay**

# Housewives Want No More of These . . .★

In view of an almost servantless future, no more laboratory kitchens, but kitchens large enough to swing cats in, decorative enough to take meals in, and divided into two sections so as to keep practical equipment in tactful isolation. Cupboard shelves not to be too high; gas cookers not to be too low; sinks made to measure so that the backaching business of working at them shall be backaching no more.

Fires which have to be coerced with wood and paper. Some kind of quick ignition system for all types of grates is definitely demanded. This to be followed with an end to all smoky, sooty types of fuel which are heavy to carry and dirty to handle, making house-cleaning just twice as difficult as it might be and always ending with "the sweep" anyway.



Doors opening into small rooms which, when open, put valuable space in the room itself quite out of commission. Sliding doors would obviate this trouble and give more valuable wall space to practical use in the room itself. Making the arrangement of furniture, in fact, a matter to be decided by your own good taste and not by the unfortunate position of the door.

Small houses of poor design, indifferent workmanship and downright bad materials, erected by speculative builders who have nobody to answer to but the Gods of Profit. Some form of excess profits control which ensures that a reasonable proportion of the capital outlay on building should go into the property. Yet another system of control on design, please, so that only the people with training and ability should be allowed to create our houses, even the simplest and the least costly of them.

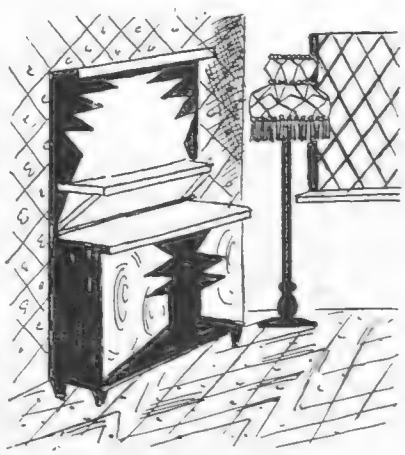
Let us have no more of wasted loft space. Large, inaccessible rooms in the roof, which only a trapeze artist can reach, must go. Why not accessible loft rooms which can be made practical use of for all houses? Solve the whole problem of storage in the small house by making every loft an accessible storage room and thus bring the spare room—now devoted to lumber—into its best use again.

Outdoor coal-houses, wood stores, that cannot be reached by direct access from the house, to be finished for all time. Also that all essential outbuildings should be incorporated painlessly in the main structure with access from the kitchen. That, in fact, the English weakness for outhouses—which are such an unsightly feature of our landscape—should be brought under control, leaving our limited portions of garden to be garden alone.

No more gas and electric meters in dark caves and beyond the reach of human arms. Plumbers and engineers, please note, no more secrecy about the situation of stop-cocks, main valves and meters. One place for all this machinery, and this to be easily got at, well lit, and with some simple but kindly system of labelling, whereby one can differentiate between the taps that mean water and the ones that mean gas.

An end, please, to the ugliness which everywhere afflicts interior schemes because in the past, the expensive has been synonymous with the inartistic. This could be rectified with more architectural merit in small houses and better service to the public by traders in furniture and decorative equipment to whom, at present, the principles of service as related to mass production are primarily to achieve practical rather than artistic merit. Women are eager learners about all matters which relate to the improvement and interest of the home, so give them something to work with.

Furniture designed without any reference whatsoever to the size and shape of the average room. Also that there should be an end of the theory that interest in furniture design should centre upon startling and original forms, eccentric woods and sensational gadgets, rather than upon gracious form—which can still be practical—and beautiful workmanship.



Cupboards put in as afterthoughts, with doors which, when opened, come into conflict with the furniture and other doors. Why not sliding cupboard doors in small rooms and, please, lighting inside which switches on and off automatically as the latch connects. Let cupboards in future be central features of household orderliness and comfort. Let them be everywhere, let them be spacious, well aired, easy to get at, easy to look at and easy to control.

## ★ Architects, Builders And Decorators, Please Note

# Basic Dishes

COOKING IS NOT SO DIFFI-
PLUS THE INVENTIVENESS TO
WITH A FEW IDEAS FOR
VARIANTS ACCORDING TO

## Pancakes

**4 oz. flour; 2 oz. cooked mashed potato, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 egg (either dry or reconstituted), ½ pint milk and water · ½ teaspoonful baking powder.**

**Mix flour, mashed potato and salt. Stir in the egg, then milk to make a batter. Beat well. Just before baking add baking powder. When required as Yorkshire pudding, pour into hot fat in baking tin and bake twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven.**

### SPANISH FRIZZLES

Floddy mixture on right; 2 oz. cooked chopped bacon; 2 or 3 chopped spring onions; salt and pepper.

Mix all together and cook as floddies. Serve hot for breakfast, or for lunch with greens or salad.

### CHEESE FLATTIES

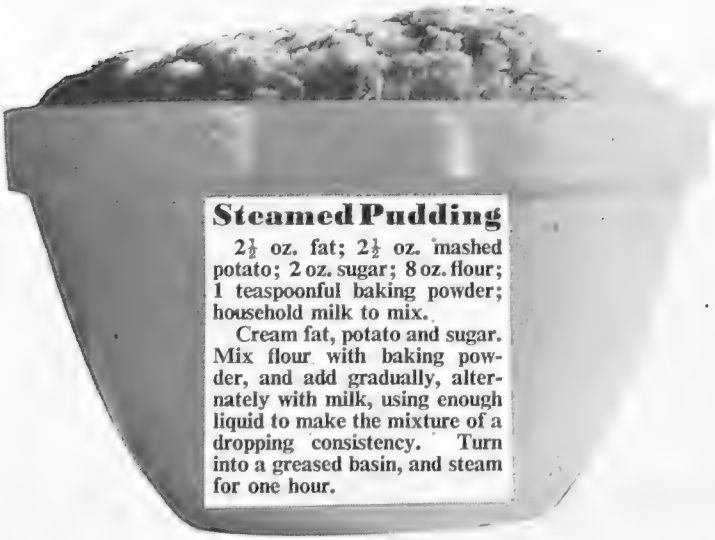
Floddy mixture, 2 oz. grated cheese, 1 or 2 chopped spring onions; salt and pepper.

Mix altogether and cook as floddies.

### ALMOND FRIZZLES

Floddy mixture; 1 dried egg; 1½ oz. sugar; almond essence to flavour.

Add egg (in powder form), sugar and essence to floddy mixture, and stir well. Cook as above, and serve hot with custard or jam sauce.



## Steamed Pudding

**2½ oz. fat; 2½ oz. mashed potato; 2 oz. sugar; 8 oz. flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; household milk to mix.**

**Cream fat, potato and sugar. Mix flour with baking powder, and add gradually, alternately with milk, using enough liquid to make the mixture of a dropping consistency. Turn into a greased basin, and steam for one hour.**

### GOLDEN PANCAKES

Batter mixture as on left; thicken (with only 1½ gills liquid); 2 oz. grated cheese; salt and pepper.

Add cheese to batter and season well. Drop spoonfuls of mixture into hot fat in a frying pan, or on to a greased hot plate. Cook till golden on both sides. Serve hot for breakfast or for supper, with green salad.

### POLSKI PANCAKES

Thick batter mixture (1½ gills liquid); ½ lb. cooked young turnips or carrots; 3 oz. grated cheese; salt and pepper.

Divide the batter into two and use one half, thinned with a little more liquid, to make pancakes. Mix together turnip or carrot, cheese, salt and pepper. Spread the pancakes with this mixture, roll up and allow to get cold.

Cut in two, and when required dip each half in the remaining batter and fry in hot fat till golden. Serve with dandelion salad as a main dish.

### PRUNE AND APPLE TOAD

½ lb. prunes (soaked overnight in cold tea), ½ lb. apples peeled and sliced; 2 oz. sugar; batter made with ½ pint liquid; fat for frying.

Put prunes, apple and sugar, into a greased pie dish. Cover with the batter, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve with sauce made from the liquid in which prunes were baked.

### DATE PANCAKES

Warm 1 tablespoonful golden syrup and add 4 oz. chopped dates and a little lemon flavouring. Keep hot. Pour into the hot fat enough batter to cover bottom of pan, cook both sides, spread some date mixture on and roll up. Repeat till batter is finished.

## Floddies

**½ lb. grated raw potato, 2 to 3 oz. flour; ½ teaspoonful salt; fat for frying.**

**Mix potato and flour, add salt, mix well. Fry spoonfuls in hot fat until brown on both sides. Now three dishes made with this basis:**

### CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Steam pudding, plus 2 oz. cocoa and ½ teaspoonful vanilla essence. Serve with chocolate sauce.

### GOLDEN CUP PUDDING

Canary pudding; plus 2 tablespoonfuls jam or marmalade.

Put jam or marmalade in the bottom of the greased basin. Add the pudding mixture, and steam for one hour.

### SPOTTED PUDDING

Canary pudding, plus ½ lb. prunes (soaked overnight), or figs.

Drain prunes, stone them and chop into small pieces. Add to pudding mixture, and cook as before.

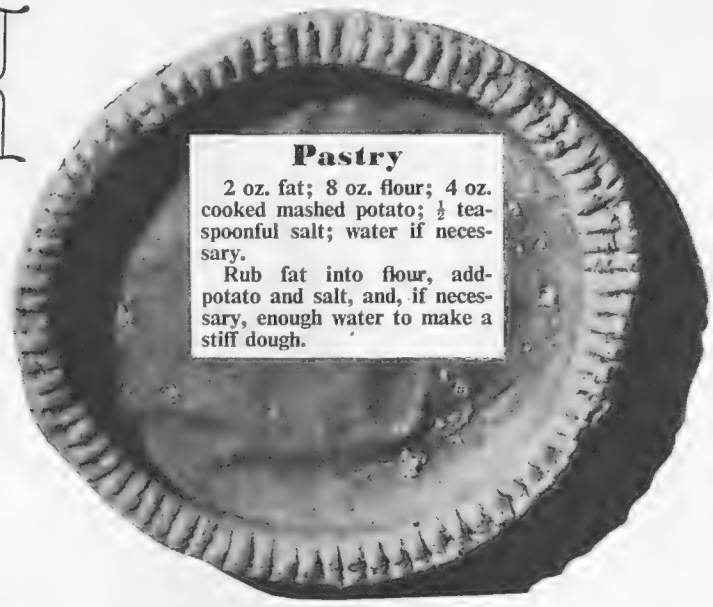
### ORANGE PUDDING

Canary pudding; plus grated orange peel from the children's oranges.

Proceed as before, and serve with marmalade sauce.

CULT IF YOU HAVE A FEW BASIC RECIPES AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS, PLAY VARIATIONS ON THEM. HERE ARE SOME SIMPLE RECIPES VARYING THEM. YOU WILL BE ABLE TO IMPROVISE MANY OTHER WHAT YOU HAVE IN THE LARDER AT THE MOMENT.

**By Harriet Muir**



### Pastry

2 oz. fat; 8 oz. flour; 4 oz. cooked mashed potato; ½ teaspoonful salt; water if necessary.

Rub fat into flour, add potato and salt, and, if necessary, enough water to make a stiff dough.

SAVOURY VEGETABLE TARTS

Pastry as on left; 1 lb. mixed cooked carrots and turnips; 4 oz. grated cheese; salt and pepper.

Roll out the pastry thinly, cut into rounds, and with them line some tartlet tins. Bake in a hot oven until brown and crisp. Take out of the oven and fill with the cooked vegetables, diced and well drained. Season well, cover with grated cheese and brown under the grill or in the oven. Serve hot or cold.

CHEESE AND POTATO FLAN

Short crust pastry (using 6 oz. flour with other ingredients in proportion); ¾ lb. cooked diced potato; 3 oz. grated cheese, ¼ pint milk or milk and water; 2 dried eggs (reconstituted); salt and pepper; 2 finely chopped spring onions.

Line a flan ring or baking tin with the pastry. Mix all the other ingredients together, and put into the pastry case. Bake in a hot oven for twenty-five to thirty minutes, and serve with a crisp watercress salad.

LEMON CURD FLAN

Short crust pastry (made with 6 oz. flour and other ingredients in proportion); 1 tablespoonful custard powder; ½ pint water; 1 dessertspoonful sugar; 1 dessertspoonful lemon substitute; knob of margarine; 1 pinch bicarbonate of soda.

Line a flan ring with the pastry, and bake. Blend the custard with a little of the water, boil the rest of the water and make as a custard. Add the other ingredients. When pastry is cooked, set aside to cool. When cold, fill with the lemon and mixture, which should also be cold.

SPANISH OMELETTE

Omelette mixture; plus 2 chopped spring onions; 2 or 3 cooked potatoes (diced); and 2 or 3 young carrots and turnips (diced).

Make fat hot as before and gently fry the onions and vegetables. Pour omelette mixture over and stir while it cooks. Don't fold over, but serve hot.

SORREL OMELETTE

Omelette mixture; plus a handful of fresh sorrel (midribs removed).

Cook the omelette as in the basic recipe, and just before folding scatter in the raw sorrel. Fold, cook a minute or two so that sorrel just changes colour, and serve.

BACON OMELETTE

Dice one or two bacon rashers and fry them (soft, not crisp). Add to the egg mixture before cooking, or scatter in before folding. Potato cubes can be fried with the bacon and added if liked.

MUSHROOM OMELETTE

Slowly cook 2 oz. mushrooms (peeled and sliced) in a little margarine or other fat. Sprinkle in 1 teaspoonful flour to thicken and stir till smooth. Add to omelette just before folding.

SWEET OMELETTE

Omit pepper and add 1 teaspoonful sugar to the mixture, but don't leave out salt. Have ready some heated jam or fruit purée and add it to the omelette just before folding.

### Omelette

4 level tablespoonfuls dried egg; 8 tablespoonfuls water; ½ to ¾ oz. margarine or lard; salt and pepper.

Mix egg and water and beat up with salt and pepper.

Make fat very hot in the frying pan. Pour in the egg and work it with a fork. When it begins to solidify, bang and shake the pan to prevent sticking. Slip a knife round the edge, fold over and serve immediately.

## Spring Specials

MACKEREL WITH HORSERADISH SAUCE

Here is a cold lunch dish that will save fuel if you cook it in the oven when preparing a joint. Mackerel comes into season this month. You will need:

4 medium-sized mackerel; 1 onion or 4 spring onions; salt; pinch of allspice; 1 bayleaf (if available); 12 peppercorns; vinegar and water; fennel or parsley or watercress.

Behead and clean the fish and put in a casserole. Cover with vinegar and water (half-and-half mixture); add the peppercorns, onion (chopped), allspice, bayleaf.

Cover the casserole, and bake about two hours in the oven, slowly. When cold, transfer fish to a serving dish and garnish with fennel, parsley or watercress.

Sauce.

1 cup milk (sour if you like); 1 tablespoonful vinegar; 1 teaspoonful sugar, shredded horseradish to taste.

Mix all thoroughly together, chill and serve with the mackerel.

NETTLE BROTH

½ lb. young nettles; 2 pints vegetable stock or water; 2 oz. oatmeal; 1 oz. margarine; salt and pepper; chopped parsley.

Wash nettles very thoroughly and chop them. Melt the margarine in the pan and add the nettles. Cook for a minute or two, then add the boiling liquid. While it is boiling, stir in the oatmeal, and then season with salt and pepper. Cover, and simmer gently for half an hour. Before serving, add a teaspoonful or more of chopped parsley.

RHUBARB MOULD

¾ oz. rice; ¾ pint household milk; 1 dessertspoonful sugar; ¾ oz. gelatine; ¼ pint water; lemon flavouring; stewed rhubarb.

Cook the rice in the milk until soft, and when tepid, add sugar and lemon flavouring to taste. Whisk to a cream and add the gelatine, which you have dissolved in ¼ pint water. Pour into a border mould. Turn out when set, and fill the centre with stewed rhubarb.

APRIL SALAD

1 lb. young carrots; 1 lettuce; 3 or 4 handfuls of young dandelion leaves; small bunch radishes; 2 tablespoonfuls chopped fresh mint; home-made salad dressing.

Arrange the lettuce leaves in the salad bowl. Put the dandelion leaves, well washed and dried and broken into short pieces, in the centre. Decorate with radishes and with slivers of carrot (which you have prepared by scraping the new carrots and shaving them lengthways with the potato peeler or coarse grater). Stir the mint into the salad cream and dress salad before eating.

# Your Money And Your Life

Next to food and the current war situation the cost of living is an inexhaustible topic to-day.

Financially speaking, there are two classes of people in this war. There is the class whose incomes have been reduced by it and there is the class—widespread and covering every social sphere—whose finances have been improved. This is indisputable.

For the first class, probably the hardest hit are the families of men who have gone away to serve and whose responsibilities of rent and insurance, of education, and many etceteras have to be sustained on a much reduced income. These have a difficult task and will, properly, resent the inference that their expenditure can be cut by any means. It is probable that, among these, sheer necessity has made the balancing of the family budget an urgent problem. They need no stimulant to economy.

On the other hand, the evidence of traders and statistics shows that another section of the public is earning and spending more than before. Among these some are voluble in blaming the high cost of living, whereas in fact though many things do cost more, the balance is, to some extent, restored by the compulsory elimination of inessentials.

Income tax is a primary factor in disturbing our financial equilibrium. This is probably the biggest single item on the debit side of personal finance. At the same time, the average middle-class family paying inflated income tax is no longer meeting the cost of those luxuries which were a commonplace of the pre-war budget. A car, servants, the annual holiday are prominent among these departed but expensive joys.

An analysis will show that week-to-week housekeeping expenses show much the same appearance as they did before, although the balance is changed from one thing to another. Meat and milk bills, for a start, are considerably less. The luxury foods—and particularly the drinks—reduce the total because you simply cannot get them.

Of course, there are essentials the cost of which have shot to the ceiling. Shoe repairs, cleaning bills, household replacements are examples of these, but my point is that to take a sound view of the situation we have to look at both sides of the picture, whereas the tendency is to emphasise the costly things and to forget the ones which are cheaper or unobtainable.

This makes personal finance sound easy and casual when, as everybody knows, the moment you change a pound it has gone.

Well, the simplest solution of this problem is not to change it. That may sound infuriating when if you go out to buy what was once a sixpenny shopping basket, you have to pay nine shillings and sixpence for it.

All the same, with many of us, the fault lies in the fact that we continue, doggedly, to apply the standards of yesterday to the circumstances of the present. We continue to believe that what was customary or even necessary in the old care-free life of high standards and little fastidious habits are still necessary to-day when, if we face the truth, we should accept the fact that we are living in combat with fundamentals, and that the stakes are too high for personal fads and little snobbish standards. Take clothes: Thousands of women are at this time spending more money than ever on clothes and yielding to that human obsession which makes the fruit on the highest branches seem the sweetest.

There is a great deal of self-deceit in this matter. Everywhere women are saying: "A new coat will be an investment. I must lay in a stock of underclothes because who knows, next year they may be even dearer or even unobtainable."

Plans have been made to clothe and feed this nation in a manner commensurate with health and dignity. We have cause to believe that these arrangements will see us through. There is no justification for a flurry of expenditure on anybody's part. Every good housewife is possessed with the fear that she may fall down on her job. This anxiety is natural and laudible, but regrettable when it leads to a frenzy of indiscriminate shopping which unbalances the budget and doesn't solve the food problem at all.

# *Women On Their Own*

Watching your man go off to the war and finding yourself alone again is a bewildering experience. You have to start learning a number of things all over again and, among them—standing out in flaming capitals—is how to go round alone and like it. Or, to make it a little more comprehensive, how to go round with another woman and like it.

Once you have been used to an escort the world seems a formidable sort of place for a woman to take her leisure in. Another woman solves the problem of companionship, of course, but even then . . .

Actually, the problems of stepping out alone or with another woman are exaggerated by inexperience. One misses the comfort and guidance of a man to make decisions; to order food; to placate waiters and to get one home, but women *can* do these things for themselves, as they have learned to cope alone with more vital problems.

Women frequently lack the decision and the poise which command attention and service. They gaze at menus in vapid indecision; they appeal helplessly to waiters instead of taking them, graciously, into their confidence, but there is nothing in a situation like this that cannot easily be corrected by experience and a little study. In fact, for the woman who expects to spend the rest of the war mainly in the company of other women, these points are worth noting. If you are going to do your dining out with other women it is going to be just as essential to read a menu intelligently and to discuss theatre seats at the box office decisively as it is to know the way home in the black-out. Most women who fumble their way through an evening out in places of public entertainment would blush to show the same lack of poise at the greengrocer's or the laundry.

Little things—in this as in every other sphere—give you command of the situation. Waiters prefer people who show a genuine interest in the food available.

Tips are the traditional stumbling block for women but ten per cent of the bill is a simple enough rule for any one, even if your arithmetic is weak. The rest lies in choosing the places where you know, as unescorted women, you will be most comfortable, and in displaying that unselfconscious poise which is partly experience and partly a simple awareness of your own right to be where you are, escorted or otherwise.

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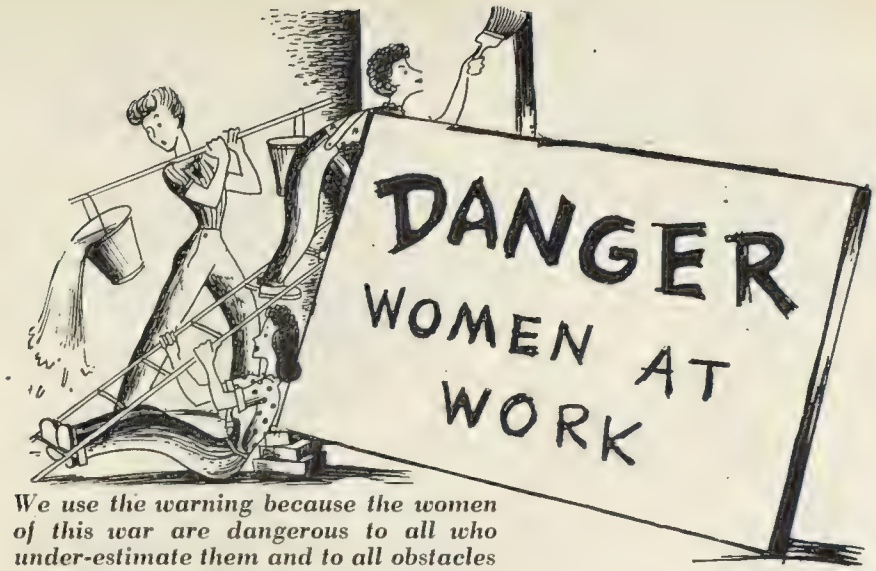


***We use the warning because the women of this war are dangerous to all who under-estimate them and to all obstacles which threaten the realisation of their aims. This is a composite picture in the person of one woman, representing every woman engaged upon the not-so-obvious but absolutely vital forms of war work.***

## SHE . . .

Is well-dressed but the honours go to neatness before variety, constructiveness before cost, resourcefulness rather than originality.

Has become a careful spender because of her intelligent realism towards the fact that her own vital contribution to victory lies this way. " Less shopping more shipping " isn't merely a Government slogan to her, it is a sacred trust.

Indulges nostalgic reminiscences about pre-war food, like we all do, but recognises that inconvenience is a long way from hardship and gets a craftsman's thrill out of making food that still has interest and sustenance out of next to nothing.

Doesn't air her views about the iniquities of Black Markets and then accept the offer of some pure silk stockings, coupon free, when the opportunity occurs.

Refuses in any way to follow the naïve and popular practice of fiddling food and clothing coupons because " just this once can't possibly make any difference."

Does without a servant cheerfully and cleverly. Has educated the family to self-service, reduced labour to an inspired minimum and so discarded convention that the sight of vegetables served straight from the saucepan to save washing-up is a matter of pride.

Studies food values and wear and tear of china, and practices sound health precautions on herself and the family with a view to not calling the doctor unless matters have gone quite beyond common-sense control.

Never travels on frivolous expeditions of visiting and so occupying the seats in trains that rightly belong to tired service men who enjoy few frivolous privileges but appreciate a modicum of comfort in transit to their well-earned leaves.

Remembers that careless talk applies not only to the broadcasting of military secrets but also to irresponsible opinions based upon negligible facts and inspired by hearsay.

Reads the papers carefully to maintain intelligent contact with the news and never dreams of lighting the fire with them.

Saves all old greasy bags and dirty remnants of paper for this purpose and keeps firewood dry so that it ignites easily and saves the paper.

Waits patiently in shops, at ticket-offices, bus queues, and wherever waiting is essential because the circumstances are unavoidable and not deliberately planned to spite her.

Checks the gas and electric meters every week to see that consumption is near the target. Does not exceed the five inches of water in her bath; shares it with the children; never goes out of an unoccupied room without switching the light off; damps down the fire with tea leaves when she goes out in the afternoon; boils many saucepans of vegetables and kettles of water on the sitting-room fire.

Knits comforts for soldiers and sailors as steadily as she did three years ago, although the sight of khaki and Air Force wool is driving her mad !

Carries out periodic searches of attics, garden, garage and outhouses for scrap metal. Turns out rusty fire-irons, bent nails and screws, unmendable pots and pans, broken garden tools, parts of old cycles and perambulators, metal ornaments, ashtrays, buckles, clockwork toys and sends them all back to make battleships.

Sweetens bones before putting them into salvage by removing all scraps of meat and gristle and drying them in the cooker when it is cooling after use. Keeps them in a clean, ventilated tin box or an old saucepan with a lid, out of the way of prying animals until the collector calls.

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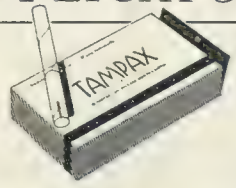


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# The Miracle of Ice

(Continued from page 20)

molecules) attain a relative degree of quietude, under conditions of cold, their poles draw them together, and they remain fixed, pole to pole, in regular order."

It is not generally known that snowflakes of gigantic size sometimes fall. During a storm on the continent several years ago flakes with diameters of three and four inches fell. These very large snowflakes are called by meteorologists "aggregates."

Writing of this outsize snow-storm one observer said: "These giant flakes fell with both greater speed and more definite paths than did the smaller flakes. They did not have the complicated, fluttering flight of the latter. In form, the great flakes resembled a round or oval dish with its edges bent upward. During flight they rocked to this side or that, but none was observed to turn quite over so that the concave side became directed downward."

When water freezes on windows and other smooth surfaces it often exhibits a beauty of design comparable to the snow crystal. The exact cause of Jack Frost's artistry is not known, but it has been proved that frost gathers along minute abrasions on the glass. It is possible by scratching one's initials upon the glass overnight to read them in the morning etched in frost upon the window-pane.

But it will be obvious from some of the patterns shown in the photographs illustrating this article, that abrasions on the glass of windows is a quite inadequate explanation of many of the intricate and exquisite patterns in which frost is often found.

Another ice-form, hail, has none of the beauty of either snow or frost. It is a by-product of thunder-storms and consists of icy lumps which range from the size of small peas up to, and exceeding, that of oranges. Fortunately it is not often that in this country hailstones larger than peas fall from the heavens, but there are on record several instances where outsize hail has fallen in England. In Northampton some forty years ago, for example, hailstones nearly as big as chickens' eggs rained down from the sky.

It is interesting to learn how such very large lumps of ice are formed. The following is the explanation given by meteorologists.

When a strong up-draft of wind is blowing, small clouds of raindrops are carried up into the region of freezing temperatures. There the rain becomes ice and gathers a coating of snow and frost. Becoming heavier the growing hailstone begins to fall. It gathers a fresh coating of liquid drops and this is quickly frozen owing to the low temperature of the centre of the hailstone.

If this icy mass now falls to earth it will be just an ordinary hailstone. But occasionally, instead of falling, it meets another strong up-draft of wind which again carries it through the process I have described. The result is a larger hailstone, and if the process is repeated often enough a very large hailstone is formed which, when it does eventually get to earth, may be the size of a large orange.

The pilot of a sailplane who once found himself in a thunder-cloud learnt the force and danger of hail. The pelting hail so bombarded his frail craft that when it did eventually make land it was found to be riddled as though it had been exposed to machine-gun fire. But even this pilot was fortunate to the man who had the wings of his sailplane torn off—although I suspect the terrific winds of the storm were mainly responsible for this disaster.

When a violent hailstorm breaks on a district great damage can be caused. In fact, one estimate puts the total damage at £40,000,000 per annum throughout the world. An account of a violent hailstorm which swept across a rural countryside in a path five miles wide tells of ". . . fields left as bare as a highway. Trees were stripped of branches and leaves, and horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, rabbits, chickens, and wild birds were killed." Sometimes even human beings are killed and during a terrible hailstorm in India in 1888 the number of deaths from this cause is said to have been 250.

Dr. William Beebe has left a vivid description of a hailstorm which he experienced at the foot of the Himalayas. The hides of the horses he was with were covered with welts from the blows, not of a leather whip, but from the lashing of the hail. One hailstone struck Dr. Beebe's thumb and lamed it for three days. Lizards were flattened on rocks and logs, birds and their nests were destroyed, and even two large squirrels, weighing about five pounds each were killed by this natural machine-gun fire.

Because of the severe damage caused by hailstorms numerous attempts have been made in the past to prevent hailstorms from bursting over certain districts. On the continent, for example, a heavy hailstorm can cause immense damage and loss if it occurs over vineyards at certain times of the year.

One of the most spectacular methods which has been used to prevent hailstorms is known as "hail-firing." Artillery barrages, consisting of blank charges from specially constructed cannon, are fired at the hail-forming thunder-clouds. Although successful results have been claimed in the past for this method most modern meteorologists consider "hail-firing" to be valueless.

But interest in "hail-firing" has been revived in the past few years. In a paper which he contributed to a scientific journal just before the present war, Prof. André Allix describes the methods used in Beaujolais to prevent hail from devastating the vineyards.

When a thunder-cloud is observed airmen examine it. They note which portions of the storm are forming hail and drop bombs on them. These bombs are timed to explode in mid-air. The effect of the explosion is to arrest the formation of the hailstones.

Later, the thunder-cloud is attacked by mobile ground batteries of artillery which concentrate on the parts of the cloud most likely to form hail. The effect is to dislocate the rising air currents sufficiently to allow the soft hail to fall and melt before it has had time to grow into the heavy, hard hail which does so much damage.

It is claimed that these hail-preventative measures have resulted in the vine-growers of Beaujolais enjoying complete immunity from their centuries-old enemy which used to devour from between twenty per cent and forty per cent of their possible revenue.

END

# Money Maze

(Continued from page 15)

proposal to clip the dollar to 15 5/21 grains, or 35 dollars instead of 20.67 to the ounce of gold. Roosevelt fumed. Then Morgenthau came to his rescue with a forgotten statute of 1862, which seemed to give the president the legal power to do what he wanted with the money unit. Franklin recognised not only a true friend, but an able man, and made Morgenthau Secretary of the U.S. Treasury.

Having got farm prices off the floor, Henry's main concern these days is to keep them from shooting through the roof. But that's life.

Shy, reticent, serious, he likes to spare the president and the plain folks technical terms. Once he broke news of a big deficit to the president thus: "Franklin, your vest and pants don't meet by a billion dollars." Having to explain inflation to the people, he pointed to the rise in the price of pork chops. People understand pork chops.

He won't be happy until the world's chief currencies are geared. Back in 1936, he did get the dollar, pound and franc in gear. When at last the . (Continued on page 54)

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Take SevenSeaS regularly to strengthen baby and help you through confinement. After birth, see baby has his, too. And continue the good work throughout his growing years. SevenSeaS is the richest, most dependable cod liver oil. A daily teaspoonful sets youngsters up for life. It is concentrated nourishment; pleasant-tasting, digestible, pure.

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From Auntie Ann, who liked her food,
She said "This gravy's very good.
Let me congratulate you Jeff,
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It's never yet to her occurred
That

**BISTO**

is the magic word

respective governments had agreed to keep the exchange value of the three stable, Henry thought this meant a return to rational thinking in Europe. He had forgotten Hitler.

The man whom Winston Churchill put into the treasury—and who last January, had long private talks with Morgenthau in London, and subsequently sketched his idea of a way out of the maze through national controls and an international monetary authority—knew as much or as little about money as Morgenthau did when he took over the job. But as a former successful solicitor, and subsequently an industrious administrator, the 61-year-old Sir Kingsley Wood has a well-exercised mind, trained to spot and concentrate on the important points.

He has great tact. Early this year he delivered a long speech on national and international money without once mentioning the word "gold." This feat could only be equalled by a high-priest delivering an address on religion without making any reference to God.

He has his brain-trusters. Chief among them is the former *enfant terrible* of economics, John Maynard Keynes, now mellowed into an elder statesman, Director of the Bank of England, and No. 800 on the roll of peers. The elder son of a Cambridge administrator, who specialised in moral science, politics, economics and golf, Keynes blazed like a meteor through Eton, Cambridge, the Civil Service exams., the India Office, and the Treasury, and having blown the gaff about the economic consequences of the Versailles peace (he was the Treasury's man there), moved over from the government to the business quarter, headed insurance, investment trust, and publishing companies, and forecast disaster if many monetary things were not changed.

What, besides a vigorous style, a flair for publicising his views, and the charming Lopokova for a wife, has this lean, long-nosed, hairy-wristed economist got that other economists haven't got? He has, mainly, a theory that suits the politicians and the times. It is a theory of managed money, with deficit financing on the side—you can over-spend in hard times, and catch up in good times. Roosevelt borrowed from the Keynes theory, which seemed to solve one side of the problem of how to spend more than you possess, and still stay solvent, popular and powerful.

But Baron Keynes is not uncurbed. An adjacent treasury office door bears the name of Lord Catto. Lord Catto is a hard-bitten big-businessman and financier, partner of that David Yule who piled up Britain's second biggest fortune. Keynes and Catto don't always agree, and it's told that one day the economist arrived at his office to find that some treasury wag had changed the name on the door next to Lord Catto's to "Lord Doggo."

An apocryphal tale, but one which may have made Montagu Norman chuckle. That slim and sinewy old banker is not fond of economists; and Keynes was long a thorn in his flesh. He comes of a long line of bankers. His paternal and maternal grandfathers were Bank of England directors for half their lifetimes. His first name derives from the revered chancellor who got through parliament the bill establishing the bank, 250 years ago. But his ancestral memory probably goes back to remote ancestors who sped Jason on his quest for the golden fleece. As working manager and governor, he has run Britain's central bank for the last thirty years, the most tumultuous period of British history.

It was he who advised Chancellor Churchill to join America in leading the world back to a gold standard, with the gold content of the pound fixed to give it an exchange value of 84s. to the ounce of gold. It may or may not be true that subsequently he remarked to Churchill: "We planted that potato too early." The fact remains.

Two more men we must spot in this maze. One is a lawyer, politician and soldier, with a spare strong figure at 74, the stern face of a Roman consul, and a field-marshal's rank marks: Jan Smuts, champion of gold. Last year his people dug around £120,000,000's worth of the total £320,000,000's worth of gold produced in the mines of the world outside the U.S.S.R. (which keeps its gold output a military secret).

Gold is as vital to South Africa's economy as coal is to Britain's. When Roosevelt, emulating Nero and Constantine, clipped his coin, boosting the buying price of gold from 20.68 to 35 dollars an ounce, Jan Smuts rejoiced. If the world overnight abandoned gold to the jewellers, the vast treasure of the Rand reefs would become dross. Gone, South Africa's most valuable export. Gone, the revenue which is rapidly developing the country's pastoral and industrial life. Gone, the goose which lays the biggest egg annually in the Union treasury.

Jan had a shock last year. His government engineer reported that the amount of millable ore will fall to 54.4 million tons, down to 10 million tons, by 1950, and thereafter decrease rapidly until by 1965 only 9.1 million tons will be dug for milling. But by 1965, Jan Smuts will no doubt lie in an honoured grave. His personal fortune is not in gold anyway. It is in rich farmland, and a million growing trees, which, unlike gold-bearing rock, can be renewed endlessly.

The stumpy man with the stooped shoulders, sagging face and pouched but shrewd eyes, is the king spider of the paper money world. Walther Funk was financial editor of the *Berliner Boersenzeitung*, when the long-necked banker, Schacht, was rebuilding the mark from the ground up, after its dizzy slide from 7 to the dollar (4s.) in 1919, to 20,000 to the dollar in January, 1923, and 4,000,000,000, by November that year—which made marks, churned out by 100 government presses, roaring round the clock, worth more sold as waste paper than offered as money.

Schacht based his new mark on gold and valued it against the old one at one new mark equals 1,000,000,000,000 old marks. But Nazi policies soon emptied Germany of gold, and its currency of a gold value; and when the real Nazi business started, Schacht, who allied himself to Hitler in 1933, was junked, and Funk took over. "Funk the Drunk," the Berlin foreign correspondents privately called him, but they agreed that his job was one which excused, indeed required, potent stimulants.

Schacht had been saying "No," and "It costs too much"; but Funk's business was to ask: "How much?" and then find the answer to the problem of paying. He paid the State's bills, and took half back in tax. He fixed wages, and drew back a large slice at source. He wrote I O U's on one bank, and had another bank accept them as good security for credit and cash issues. As the Wehrmacht marched and the Luftwaffe flew, extending Hitler's dominion, he shoved his I O U's into the central banks of the occupied countries, and any banker unwilling to treat Reich paper as gold could expect a call from the Gestapo or a German boot.

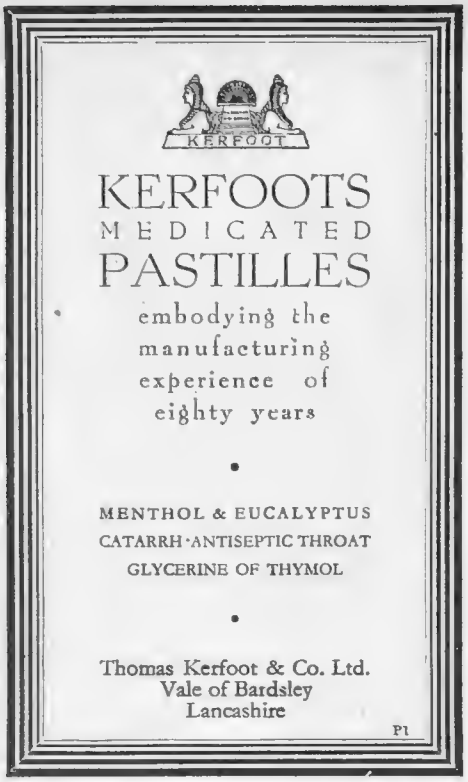
From the shades, Ivar Kreuger must envy Funk. It's a sky-limit gamble. If Hitler wins, it will be easy to redeem the I O U's of the Third Reich, suck in all the gold of Europe, Africa and India, and proclaim a new German gold-based money which will outlast the rocks, and be good the world over. If . . .

It's odd that so far in history the only exit man has found from the money maze, in which periodically he gets lost, is through the gold door. Will the technicians and brain-trusters find an alternative path out of the age-old maze—one which works in both the national and international sphere, and successfully reconciles the conflicting interests of the great buyers and hoarders of gold, the great diggers and sellers of gold, and the neutrals who say that iron, green cheese or moonbeams would serve equally well if only the chief nations would agree on a set of rules for the money game and stick to them?

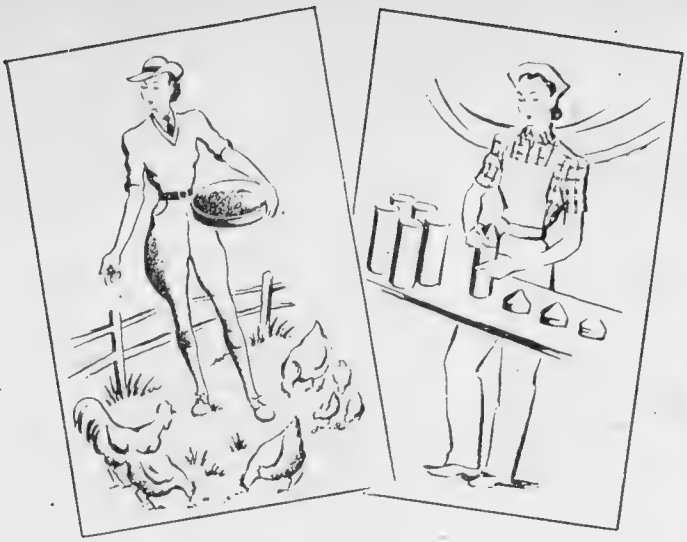
Who knows? Probably not even the chief men in the money maze—yet.

END

*The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.*

It's still worth while to include ...
KIRBIGRIPS
ON YOUR SHOPPING LIST
Shops and stores receive their supply of KIRBIGRIPS although they are scarce because the high grade steel from which they are made is required for the war effort.
Ask frequently and you will get your share.
THE GRIPS THAT NEVER SLIP OR LOSE THEIR SPRING
KIRBIGRIPS
REG.



*FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for* his *leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.*

CLEANSING MILK BY

**Anne French**

OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

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## *For special needs and occasions*

we are still making some stockings that do not come within the Utility specification. Production is strictly limited, but all supplies are distributed fairly among Aristoc dealers.

**'RAYSTOC'** (Rayon) **'ARISTILE'** (Lisle) ★ **UTILITY** (Rayon & Lisle)

**Aristoc**

THE ARISTOCRATS OF WARTIME STOCKINGS

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Traditional quality

**OLD SCOTCH WHISKY**

in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

*Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.*

**WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON**
**INVERNESS**

GRIGOR for VIGOR

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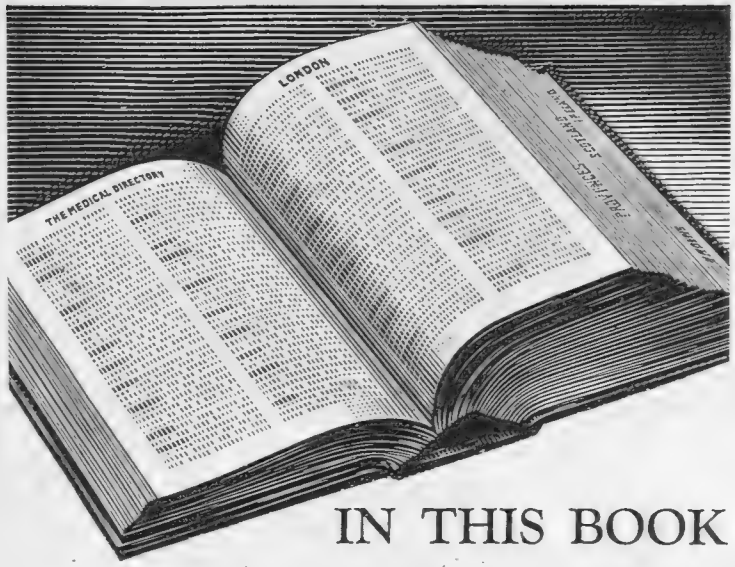


## IN THIS BOOK

there are the names and qualifications of 52,276 doctors and surgeons in Great Britain and Ireland. It is The Medical Directory, a standard work of reference, which has been published now for nearly a hundred years. And it's a very significant thing that in the consulting rooms or surgeries of nearly all the medical men and women whose names appear in this book you would find, standing on some handy shelf, a bottle of 'Dettol'... more often than not nearly empty. Conserve 'Dettol' for Medical and Surgical purposes. Do not use for sinks, drains, etc.

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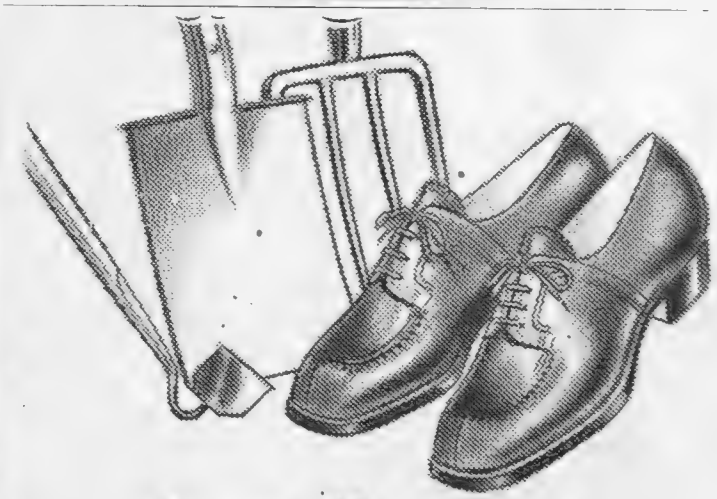


## *Stout Warriors*

Shoes to-day must serve you well in a variety of causes. In the garden, on patrol and in other unexpected ways. 'SWAN' Shoes and 'HEALTH' Shoes have fitted the changed times as perfectly as they fit your feet. You'll find them "all-rounders" of special worth.

***Men's and women's styles for all occasions***

**Swan shoes** **Health shoes**

91

*Crockett & Jones, Makers of Fine Shoes, Northampton*

*Still busy in*
*CHIVERS' ORCHARDS*

"There's always plenty to be done in Chivers' Orchards before the fruit in its freshness is ready for picking. Of course, we use the fruit now for Jams and Canning, but like my Missus, I'm looking forward to the time when we're allowed to make JELLIES again. What a demand there will be then for fruit juices to flavour CHIVERS JELLIES, so you see why we must take great care of these famous Orchards."

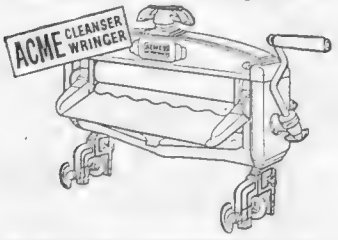
CHIVERS JAMS & MARMALADE
still available in most districts, are prepared in the heart of the Country at
HISTON *(just outside)* CAMBRIDGE

1379

**"It's a war-wedding present..."**

explained Mrs. Jackson to her neice. "The price of an Acme in Savings Certificates!" It's tough for the young people nowadays—

you can't give them all you'd like to give them. Before the war, an Acme was a perfect wedding present—but you won't be able to buy another Acme while the war's on. Of course some day... and it will be all the sooner if more people follow Mrs. Jackson's bright idea!




# Vieux Port At Marseilles

*(Continued from page 13)*

covered an area roughly the size of Soho. It stood to the right of the old port, and was bounded by the Quai Pétain, and the streets of La Tourette, Casserie, and the Chevalier-Roze. The old port, deep, sheltered, and with a narrow entrance, should be first-rate for U-boats. Ninety-nine years ago it was still Marseilles's only harbour.

The end of Old Marseilles was in the dramatic vein of so much of its past. At 8 a.m. one misty Sunday morning, German and French police surrounded the Old Quarter, and presently loudspeakers announced to the half-awake, startled occupants that they were forthwith to assemble at designated points, with not more than one handbag apiece, or its equivalent. The aged and newborn, the stricken and sick, women far gone in child, *all* had to get out. The worst cases were laid on the Quai Pétain prior to hospital treatment. The rest of the 40,000 departed all through that day for a former Senegalese military camp at Fréjus, beyond Toulon. It seems to have been a cruel hitch-hike exodus, but the only alternatives were to barricade oneself and be shot, or to commit suicide.

Three hundred died thus. Then gigantic bonfires were made of all furniture and belongings not adjudged worth crediting in francs to rightful possessors. And the dynamite was laid, "sparing," we were told, "places of architectural interest like the Church of St. Laurent and the Town Hall."

*Vale* Old Marseilles, which conserved a deal of fierce energy to the end, as became the descendant of an old Greek colony, which down the centuries participated in all the quarrels of politics, from Cæsar's civil war, through the Wars of Religion, the risings of the Fronde and many others, and that resisted the Jacobins after giving its name to the celebrated song to which the armies of the Revolution marched. It was a ragged, bloodthirsty rabble, 5,000 strong, which roared that air for the first time as it set out for Paris, but the strains go reverberating on, forming perhaps, with Daumier, the most lasting and fitting memorial to our subject.

The great cartoonist and etcher of a century ago was Marseilles incarnate: jovial, ripe and generous, but dreadful in his hatred of tyranny and injustice, a Goya of horror one day, jestingly reasoning the next. When Daumier went blind, and was in dire want, Corot had to come to his aid. His native Marseilles had been too taken up with throwing over Charles X, and Louis-Philippe, and in withstanding Napoleon III, to note the passage of her greatest son since Pétrarch. What a drawing Daumier would have made of that last morning of Old Marseilles, the aged and sick and paralytic, the infants at breast, the distraught mothers, herded on the Quai du Marechal Pétain!

Artists of today, from John to the Slade pupil, have lost a time-honoured painting corner. The tough characters of the Old Quarter, male and female, always allowed the painters to carry on undisturbed. "They are earning their living," they said. But these fruity residents could not stand the gawking tourist, and they would ascend to dizzy heights of provençale invective when they spotted the typical virtuous wife leaning on husband's arm, and out to see "how these dreadful women live" (and to get a kick in doing so). That would be in the narrow, winding, uphill streets of the red-light district, and how one sympathised in this matter with the immobilised Magdelenes!

To be left in peace in Old Marseilles, one had to avoid the bougeois in dress and bearing, give signs of being there for a purpose—pure loafing was considered an excellent purpose if one loafed in harmony with one's surroundings—and eschew the wearing of a hat. This was the hall-mark of the tourist, and in the tough quarter off it would be snatched by women who, if one failed to respond *convenablement*, would hurl one's headgear up the street to other female hands until eventually—exit the hat.

In 1932 the British Vice-Consul vanished. I was in Marseilles and had a hunch he might be held in the Old Town, so went to live there for several days. Neither I nor anybody else ever set eyes on the consul again—he had become too inquisitive about drugs in transit to British possessions to suit Sabiani's racket—but those days and nights were not wasted. In sandals, béret (permitted), Breton fisherman's trousers, and a Lacoste shirt, I was "a writer," while taking darned good care not to blurt out what I intended writing about.

Early summer morning was the time I liked best to stroll. Everything was then serene after the turbulence of the night. Old Marseilles was as innocent then as any similar streets in Genoa or Naples and Palermo, streets, some barely eight or ten feet across, hung with "washing" of all the hues of the rainbow; and children scampering bare-legged and dirty but happy. "A picturesque squalor" said the guide books. Maybe. But it had something, the fabled story of the Mediterranean basin, where hot, pulsating, colourful life had so long throbbed. A waking old meridional town can be very captivating.

The police checked up with the "patronnes" during their daily sorties, or they thought they did. For the Old Town was sharply divided in its attitude to the "flics." You were either an informer for them—when, look out, one day!—or you formed part of a hidden, self-protective society freely of anarchist tendencies. The "flics" usually patrolled in couples.

Smells progressively took over as the hot day advanced. A battling of aniseed—the ersatz absinthe—fish, oil, sweat, garlic, tobacco, violets, always violets. It was all right with a pipe on.

THE Grand Rue was now thick with a jostling throng in every garb, from the trim northern miss off the latest liner to the Berber of the desert. "A seafaring population," said those guide-books. "We don't guarantee anything," echoed the police. "Stay outside if you don't like risks." The chief thing was to keep one's pocket-book and one's wits. You were an intruder. What were you doing?

Personal papers were continuously under examination by the police. Disputes arose. People were marched off to the police station. Raised voices. Clamour. Dying down as swiftly as it arose. All quite normal.

Arabs and Jews, Italians and Spaniards, Scandinavian seamen and negroes, Foreign Legionaries and naval ratings, puffing housewives and slick Carmens, loud-spoken, adipose fathers of families and furtive members of "le milieu"—the underworld. Close-shaven and with hair oiled back, a scarf at the neck, a cigarette eternally hanging from the lip, the "nervis" favoured belts and suits cut to show the figure. They could speak across a street with their eyes, or by movements of the shoulder or hands, imperceptible to the untrained eye. Feuds, suspicions, jealousies, and planning tricks and "combines," ways of getting funds without working, dominated their very private lives.

All quiet once more in Old Marseilles during the long afternoon siesta. But towards evening the curtain rose on a dazzlingly lit, ear-splitting performance as the licensed quarter got into its stride for another night. Pretty names the streets and alleys had: Coutellerie, Bouterie, Caisserie, Langerie, Cuiraterie, Bonnetterie, all once the home of craftmanship. Guirlande, Lenche and Reynarde; and the painters' favourites, l'Echelle and la Torte. But nothing else pretty about them now. Rather a nauseating female state within a state whose sovereigns were the cold and predatory mesdames with their vigilant book-keeping concerning each of their "pensionnaires."

Yet all about this red-light district thousands lived their family lives, uncouth and insalubrious, but harmless.

Good-bye, Old Marseilles! There were worse places than you.

*Allons-enfants-de-la-Patrie. . . .*

END

# Ten plain facts about

## VD
## Venereal Diseases

*"It is very important under present conditions that the public should know of the existence of venereal diseases; their prevalence in war-time; how they are caused; the urgent necessity for early treatment; and where advice and treatment can be obtained."*—THE MINISTER OF HEALTH.

**1.** Venereal Diseases have increased since the war and are still increasing; 70,000 new cases are now occurring yearly among civilians alone. Venereal diseases cause much misery. They bring tragedy into many homes, and considerably damage our war effort by causing reduced efficiency and wasted hours.

**2.** Ignorance and secrecy are highly dangerous. Only from a plain and frank statement of the facts can we all know what these diseases are, how they are spread, how they can be avoided and how and where they can be cured.

**3.** The two principal venereal diseases are syphilis and gonorrhœa. They are caused by quite different living organisms or germs.

**4.** Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early and thoroughly by a doctor it can cause serious mutilation, heart disease, paralysis, and insanity, any of which may be fatal. Syphilis can be passed on to an unborn child from its mother and (unless skilled treatment is given early in pregnancy) is one of the causes of blindness, deafness, and mental defects.

**5.** Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous to life, is more serious than is generally believed, and is one of the causes of arthritis, sterility, and chronic ill-health.

**6.** Syphilis and gonorrhœa are almost always contracted through intercourse with an infected person. The germs of these diseases quickly die outside the human body. In practice, therefore, there is no need to fear their spread by accidental infection.

**7.** Professional prostitutes are not the only source of infection Any free-and-easy sex behaviour must mean a risk of infection and cannot be made safe. Clean living is the only way to escape infection —abstinence is not harmful.

**8.** Venereal diseases can be cured if treated *early* by a specialist doctor. Advice and treatment are available at the clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils for the purpose. Treatment is free, confidential and *effective*. Any family doctor or Medical Officer of Health will give the address of the nearest clinic. Quack treatment or self-treatment is absolutely useless and may even be disastrous.

**9.** Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean that the patient has been cured. It is essential to continue the treatment until the doctor says it may be stopped.

**10.** Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical treatment AT ONCE. A doctor or clinic should be consulted immediately about any suspicious sore or unusual discharge. It may not be venereal disease, but it is best to be sure.

*These are the signs* The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer. It appears from 10 to 90 days after infection; usually about three weeks.

Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge which usually appears from 2 to 10 days after infection.

Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department, or from the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Euston 3341).

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH
AND THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR HEALTH EDUCATION
(V.D.1-5

# I wonder where he is?

Twilight.
The sky is filled with
droning . . . droning . . .
Bombers are going out
— I wonder where he is
"—*my Peter!*"
He too is going out
somewhere —
— now.
Laughing —
yes, laughing of course!
With his boys.
Jock, his gunner,
Dave the Australian,
Poker Face—second
pilot and Shorty —
the imperturbable:
*Cup o'cawffee, Sir?*
To think,
Last week he was home;
The stories he told
of them. . . . . .
and the old kite—
'Peter's Delivery Van!'
Good luck to them—all.
*Baby's asleep, Peter.*
Some day—
Some day
You'll come home
for good
*May that day be soon.*

* * * *

We hear the droning, as we listen to the radio and we say "*Lot going over tonight—anything interesting after the news?*" That droning means anxiety—and may mean sorrow—to many a wakeful woman. Let us not forget that. Let us not be conceited about either our war work or our savings. We owe more to our fighting men than we shall ever repay —for we only lend where they give; and give all! *Consider your savings in the light of THIS thought.*

*Issued by the National Savings Committee.*

# The World Is Rubber-Tyred . . .

(*Continued from page 16*)

warming it over a fire. In modern industry the latex is coagulated by chemical means, every gallon yielding about 3 lb. of pure, crêpe rubber.

The collection of wild rubber is no longer a commercial proposition, the peak yield being only 40,000 tons per year, and rubber plantations do not thrive well in South America on account of leaf-blight and other fungoid diseases. For this reason Sir Henry Wickham was sent to Brazil in the 1870's to obtain rubber seeds for plantation in the colonies, and he secured them just before the Brazilian Government's new export embargo could be put into effect.

The delicate seeds were first planted at Kew Gardens, and the seedlings produced were shipped to Ceylon and Singapore in 1876. Their descendants cover many hundreds of square miles in Malaya, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Ceylon and India, and hitherto these Old World plantations have been kept free from damaging diseases. Every tree yields about 7 lb. of rubber per year, but the extension of the Indian plantations would not solve our present problems because it takes five or six years for a tree to become productive.

The Far East also produces native rubber-gums from such trees as the gigantic *Ficus elastica*, and the gutta-percha tree, whose white coagulated sap forms the coverings of golf balls and is used for making containers for acids and explosives. A useful rubber-gum is obtained in Africa from the *Landolphia* vines, in Mexico from the guayule shrub, and in Venezuela and Guiana from the bullet-tree (balata), but none of these natural substitutes possesses the all-round virtues of true Para rubber.

Experiments have been made to find a really good substitute in the candleweed of Arizona, but the present favourite is the koksagyz dandelion of Central Asia. In 1941, the Russians planted 2,500,000 acres of this dandelion in the Ukraine, and trials are also being carried out in Britain. Seeds have recently been sent to Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada and U.S.A., for the processing of this plant could be carried out in many existing factories, such as those dealing with sugar-beet.

The exact chemical structure of natural rubber has never been discovered, but research workers have a very good idea of its general composition. They have succeeded in building up somewhat similar substances from hydro-carbons and benzene derivatives, but strictly speaking there is no such thing as synthetic *rubber*.

The building bricks of the synthetic products are obtained from a number of raw materials. One of them—butadiene—is made from acetylene gas in Germany, from petroleum in U.S.A., and from potato alcohol in Russia. Another—styrene—may be obtained from coal, petroleum, storax, cassia oil and other substances. These two building bricks are induced to combine in a huge kettle, and form a rubbery material known as Buna-S. This is the chief of the synthetic rubbers, and seven-eighths of the U.S.A.'s gigantic synthetic programme is devoted to its production.

That anything so substantial can be built up from a gas like acetylene is sufficiently astonishing. The acetylene itself is produced precisely as it is in a bicycle lamp—by dropping water on to calcium carbide. It is extremely cheap, for carbide can be easily made wherever there is lime, coke and electric power. It forms the corner-stone of many other synthetic rubbers, such as neoprene, which, like Buna-S, has been made into satisfactory motor tyres.

Buna-S is a dark brown substance which wears better than natural rubber. It also stands heat and resists oil and petrol better, but it lacks the tacky quality of rubber. Neoprene is tacky like rubber, but its special virtue is its complete resistance to oils, and it is, therefore, used for making petrol hose. The best chemical-resisting product is butyl, and its softness and flexibility has led to its use in insulating electric cables, but though it is tough and elastic it does not bounce like natural rubber. Tyres made of it have 50 per cent of the life of natural rubber tyres. A product which possesses excellent bounce is chemigum, and this has been made into very satisfactory motor tyres.

Selected synthetics are better than natural rubber for special purposes, but none of them possesses at one and the same time the extensibility, elasticity, resilience and adhesive properties of true rubber. True rubber also has the advantages of being readily reduced to a liquid condition and being moulded to any form, and has the excellent breaking strength of 13 tons per sq. in.

One of the chief problems with synthetic rubbers is the conversion of them into the loaded and vulcanised material of which tyres are made. The processes employed are completely different from those used with natural rubber. Nevertheless, the Nazis are said to be using tyres containing 50 per cent Buna-S, though natural rubber has to be used for the inner tubes.

The United Nations are solving their immediate problem by mixing reclaimed rubber from scrap with new natural rubber, and so eking out supplies till the synthetic programme is in full swing. At the same time they compel the preservation of rubber articles at present in use by rigidly restricting the issue of new rubber to manufacturers, and, in this country, by making it illegal to use tyres which have worn down till the fabric shows. It is also forbidden to abandon, destroy, or throw away any waste rubber, under heavy penalties, and a census of laid-up car tyres has already been taken in case it becomes necessary to requisition them for reclaiming. In U.S.A. it is proposed to conserve tyres actually in use by the indirect method of rationing petrol to compel a minimum mileage use.

The demands made by modern war for rubber are almost insatiable, and even the smallest rubber articles in the home may be put to good use. In Britain there are 12,000,000 households, and half a pound of waste rubber from each of them might provide 2,000 tons of reclaim suitable for making into tyres, life-saving jackets, collapsible dinghies, or barrage balloons. The bullet-proof petrol tank of a Flying Fortress bomber alone requires half a ton of rubber.

END

# Garden of Remembrance

(*Continued from page 28*)

presence. She waited, as if expecting his return. But only the birds sang on. She was alone.

Alone? Yet not alone, no longer alone. His words, his message—they filled her with hope. They must be real—they were so vehement. They could not be a delusion.

She lingered on the grass plot, by the seat, letting the peace and beauty of that friendly place sink into her anew. Then, with a glance back, she took a path across the park, turned through wrought-iron gates into a lime avenue, and arrived at the massive oak door of the Old House, a fine Tudor relic on a terrace overlooking valley and pool.

The door was opened by an ancient manservant who looked as though he might have grown up with the house. Patricia explained her mission. He preceded her to a door which he opened with a gesture, announcing: "Mrs. Meadows, m'lady, from Cherry Cottage."

Patricia was ushered into a long, low room panelled in linenfold. A group of women, middle-aged and older, were seated by a wide bay window, knitting pullovers and socks.

A tall, distinguished woman in her fifties rose to greet her, and there was something vaguely familiar in the expression of the eyes that smiled into Patricia's.

"It was charming of you to come," she said.

Wasn't there also something familiar, Patricia thought, in the clear tones of Lady Ferringley's deep, attractive voice? The lines of her grey velvet house gown accentuated the contour of her graceful figure.

After a general introduction to the circle Lady Ferringley led Patricia to a large basket full of wool, from which she automatically chose air force blue and began to knit a pullover. After tea the knitting continued, then gradually the workers took their leave until only two remained. Patricia was preparing to go with them when Lady Ferringley asked her:

"If you are not in a hurry, I wonder whether you would help me sort some fresh wool that arrived today?"

"I should be delighted," Patricia responded; and together they began sorting the wool.

"I'm glad you found your way," Lady Ferringley remarked. "Did you come by the bus?"

Patricia spoke of her favourite walk, by way of the Garden of Remembrance, and then, feeling she had a sympathetic, understanding listener, told her of Ronnie, and the airman's garden by the pool, and the strange dream that had come to her there. There was complete silence for a few moments, then Lady Ferringley asked in a quiet, rather strained and abstracted voice:

"Will you describe that young airman to me?"

Patricia did so, in detail. She remembered him so vividly. "Eyes rather like yours, Lady Ferringley," she concluded, "and something—in the voice——" Now, more than ever, was she impressed with the likeness.

Lady Ferringley dropped the wool, stood gazing out of the window with a far-off look, then placed a hand on Patricia's arm.

"You have had a remarkable experience, my dear. You have described Lionel exactly. He was my son, by my first husband, and I took that plot of ground in the Garden of Remembrance because he loved it so, I planted Bermuda lilies because he loved them, too."

"That's what he said," Patricia recalled in an awed voice. "He said that Bermuda lilies had always been his favourite flower."

When Lady Ferringley spoke again it was urgently, vehemently, as the young airman had spoken.

"My dear, I would be the last to raise false hopes, but if Lal, my boy, told you that . . . if he said your husband was safe, and you were not to worry, it would be true, quite true. My son would never mislead you."

"I felt that," Patricia confessed, "from the moment he spoke. I feel it now. It has taken such a load off my mind—I can't tell you."

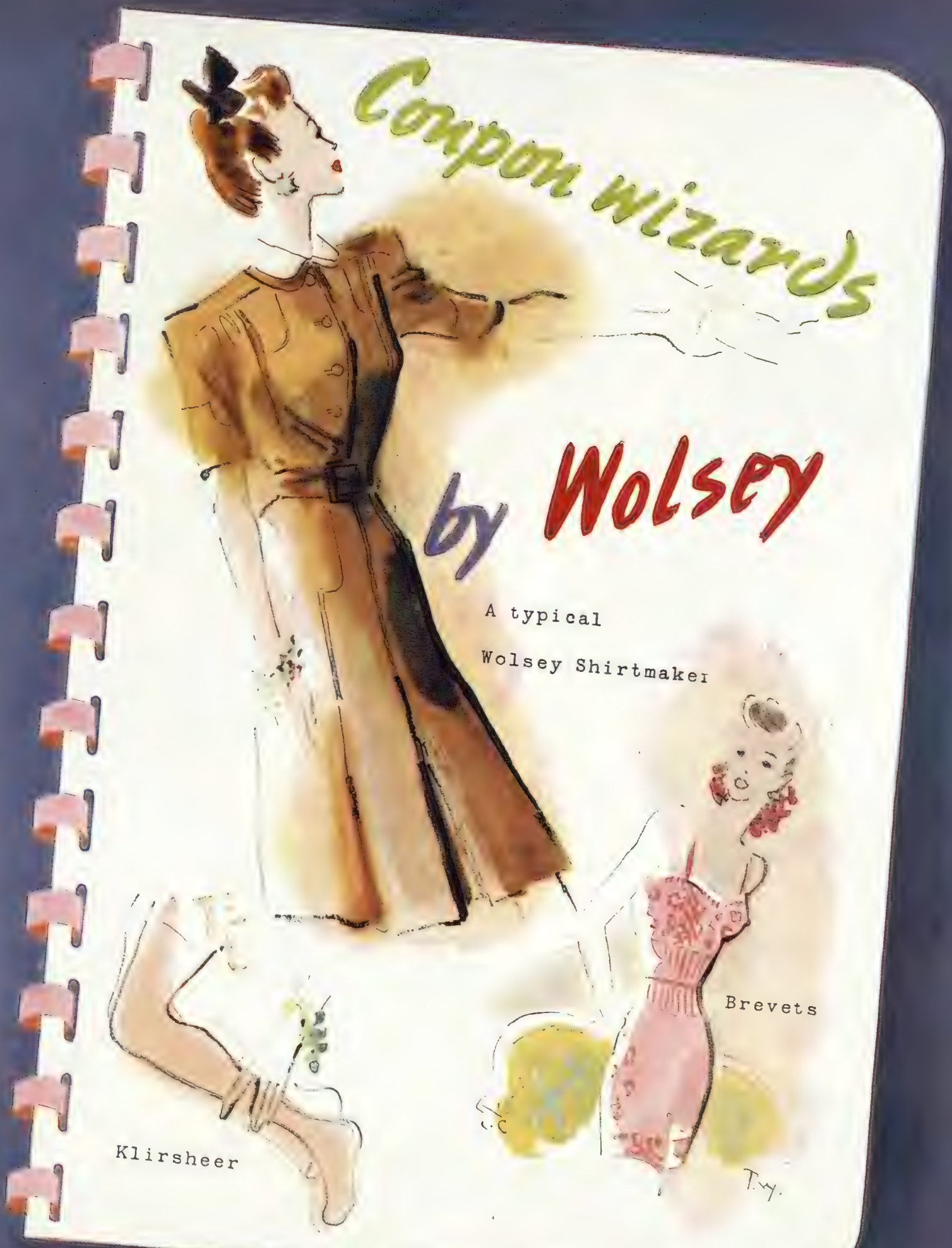
It did not seem at all strange to Patricia that Lady Ferringley spoke of it as a perfectly natural happening, not just a dream—that her son's presence in the garden was an ordinary event, not a phenomenon.

Before Patricia left that evening she knew she had made a valued friend, through the bond between them.

"Working parties are so valuable," Lady Ferringley smiled at the door. "If any one comes whom I think I'm going to like, I always ask them to stay and help me sort the wool—and it's only a white lie if I pretend it has just arrived, isn't it? You must come again soon."

Cynthia and the others thought Patricia was splendid, taking it the way she did—staying on in the village, going to Lady Ferringley's working parties, never referring once to her loss. They were astonished at the calm way she took the news when word came through that he was safe, a prisoner of war; it was as if she took it for granted already. They didn't know that she had received the news long ago, on a sunny afternoon, by the pool, in the Garden of Remembrance.

END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# Spotlight on Service

Of the many forms of wartime service, that of nursing has perhaps the most feminine appeal. Natural aptitude developed by thorough training qualifies the nurse for the high regard in which she is held and the infinite faith placed in her capabilities. She is an authority on all matters pertaining to hygiene and her advice is usually the result of practical experience. It is not without full knowledge of its efficacy that she recommends KOLYNOS, the protective, cleansing and refreshing toothpaste which is rendering such an essential service to the health of the nation.

**IMPORTANT:** *Don't throw away your empty tube; the Nation needs the metal. Please return it to your local chemist or store when making your next purchase.*

*The Economical Tooth Paste*

# Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 24)

The sun had set behind the eucalyptus trees of the royal park; the sky was growing darker, and the Emperor and his noisy crowd of satellites had left the palace on their nightly excursion, from which they seldom returned before daybreak, usually drunk.

At the same time, in one of the inner rooms of Constantia's apartment, the Empress knelt with Glaphyra at her side before a niche in which was a tiny altar and a wooden cross. The Empress prayed for her favourite, and Glaphyra prayed for the safety of her benefactress, who would be left to face the baffled fury of Licinius.

When the moment of separation came, Constantia and Glaphyra realised more than ever their mutual attachment. One by one the members of the party inconspicuously stole away, going by different streets to reach the spot where the carriages waited in readiness.

When every one was seated, they started on their journey.

The flight succeeded brilliantly. They went eastward without stopping until they reached Amasia, about 330 miles from Nicomedia. There Quintus, the chief authority of the town, paid a visit to the supposed "tribune" and offered the hospitality of his house with all the honours due to the man whom the Emperor trusted to carry out his mission. Glaphyra would have preferred to avoid public scrutiny, but without betraying herself she could not refuse the invitation. So she did her best to keep up the masquerade, though it was equally difficult for her in the company of either men or women.

Her interest in the conditions of the Christian religion in Amasia brought her in touch with Bishop Basil. They became great friends, and as Glaphyra was hungry for a friend in whom to confide, she unburdened herself to the good bishop and put herself under his protection. Basil commended her most warmly for the zeal which she had shown to defend her chastity. He begged her not to betray her secret to any one else, though; for if it came to the Governor's ears they were lost.

At Nicomedia all was uproar when Glaphyra's disappearance was discovered. Constantia denied all knowledge of the affair. Licinius became like a baffled beast with rage, but he could not unravel the mystery.

In the meantime Benignus, who did not believe the Empress's innocence, kept a watch on all visitors going to her apartments. And thus he found the missing clue. Glaphyra and her friends were corresponding secretly. One day Benignus succeeded in intercepting one of the letters. He was exultant. At last he would regain the confidence of his master. The loss of the letter had not been noticed at court, for the messenger was put away before he had a chance to communicate with the Empress. Proudly Benignus carried the fatal document to Licinius. Amongst other things it mentioned Bishop Basil and his discretion about the masquerade.

The sequel was inevitable. Emissaries of the Emperor started out for Amasia that very day. The tyrant had made up his mind to surprise his wife by throwing a disgraced Glaphyra at her feet.

A few weeks later a group of dusty horsemen entered the gates of Nicomedia and galloped towards the palace. In their midst was an old man bound in fetters on a mule. A little later the Venerable Basil was pushed down on to his knees before Licinius, who thundered: "Where is the girl? I ordered her to be brought here with the bishop." The bishop pointed upward, saying: "She is out of your reach. The true God has called her in time, before your bloodthirsty mastiffs arrived."

Officials corroborated the fact. Glaphyra had died, after a short illness, in the flower of her youth.

The chase was over. Licinius knew when he was beaten. But there was still an opportunity for him to wreak his spite. He winked at Benignus, who quickly caught the sinister meaning. Basil was dragged away. Next day another name was added to the long list of martyrs. But evil was not to triumph in the end. Another list, that of murdered Emperors, was by no means complete. Justice was served when the name of Licinius was written upon it.

END

# Books

(Continued from page 41)

she means is "odd." Ten pages farther on he himself falls into the identical mistake!

Seymour Hicks is most anxious that the adjective "Naughty" should be removed for ever from the Nineties. In "Vintage Years" he gives many excellent and powerful reasons. With wit and humour he deals with the Nineties, the clothes, restaurants, theatres, transport, racing, clubs, boxing, streets, personalities, dances and a dozen other angles and illustrates all he has to tell with a mass of stories and anecdotes, old and mainly new, but all apposite.

Chronologically, a neighbour of "Vintage Years" is C. E. Vulliamy's "The Polderoy Papers" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). The papers referred to are those of one, Henry Polderoy, country gentleman, and cover the period from 1868 to 1886. There is a pleasant light satire running all through, and the author's knowledgeable comments never tend to broaden it to farce. It is a most skilful commentary on life, which includes such topics of the day as social reform, women's freedom, Huxley, Darwin, sport, religion, anti-vivisection, agricultural wages, domestic servants and of course, the politics of Gladstone, Disraeli, Chamberlain, Palmerston and Parnell. There is a rare humour here.

Arnold Palmer, author of "More Than Shadows," a biography of W. Russell Flint, R.A. (The Studio Ltd., 15s.), admits that he expects most people to read the book backwards. This is because the last section consists of 136 illustrations of the artist's work, including eight in colour, which is preceded by Russell Flint's own notes on the pictures, giving incidents about the setting, the models and his own personal adventures, and starting with an excellent short biography. Anyhow, whichever way you read this book, it earns full marks and a permanent place on any book shelf.

I cannot claim to be an expert or a good critic of the subject of "It Pays to be Wise," by Evelyn Powell-Jones (John Crowther, 8s. 6d.). However, I am relieved of authority because the book is commended and introduced by no less a man than the famous Sir Humphrey Rolleston. The book is a standby and guide for young mothers and expectant mothers of moderate means, written in simple clear style, but not encroaching on the sphere of the family doctor. Certainly it will meet a great need more than adequately.

END

# On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

considerable; and, once tuberculosis has been contracted, the outlook for the nurse is very poor. There is no comparison between the danger of fever nursing and tuberculosis nursing. If a nurse catches any infectious disease, the chances are she will recover completely. If she catches tuberculosis, she must give up nursing or make up her mind to nurse in a sanatorium until death catches up with her. Even if she gives up nursing, her chances of marriage and a family are jeopardised.

Tuberculosis nursing should be entirely voluntary. Every precaution should be taken to safeguard the nurse, and if she contracts the disease, there should be financial compensations which will at least ensure that she does not die in poverty.


## Children's Teeth in War-Time

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**ANADIN**
**TABLETS**
**FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN**


# The "Pennine Way"

(*Continued from page* 25)

Edale is not only a romantic spot in summer, but in winter it becomes England's own Switzerland, a centre for such Alpine sports as ski-ing and tobogganing. Some of the choicest bits of mountain scenery in Britain lie in this neighbourhood.

The Derwent Valley, too, is one of the finest tramping areas in the country, and magnificent views are obtainable from the surrounding heights. The dale is Derbyshire's Lake District, being the site of several big reservoirs which supply the cities and towns of the North Midlands. Many finely wooded tracts flank the valley, and there are pretty stone-built farmsteads.

Blackstone Edge, which the footpath is planned to cross before it descends into the Calder Valley, has one of the most interesting Roman relics in Britain. The ancient Roman road, which runs towards the highest part of the moors, in this neighbourhood has a central channel, or deep groove, that has never been satisfactorily explained by archæologists and historians. We can only conjecture the purpose of the channel.

The Calder Valley is the back door to the Brontë country, but places connected with the sisters of Haworth Parsonage are not the only features of literary interest that the rambler may see, within easy reach of this part of the Pennine Way. Halliwell Sutcliffe made this region the scene of several of his colourful novels, too.

High up on the moors is the farm that figures in his *Rycroft of Withens*, and near Stanbury is the Silent Inn, made famous by the same author. The projected hikers' footpath touches Wycollar, a charming dene between Haworth and Colne, and Wycollar Hall, now disused, is the Ferndean Manor of *Jane Eyre*.

At Lothersdale, near which the route passes on the way to Higher Airedale and Malham, stands Stone Gappe, another dwelling with *Jane Eyre* associations. It figures as "Gateshead Hall" in that classic novel.

Skipton, the thriving little market town pointed out as a model for post-war planning not so long ago, is only a few miles from Malham. West Riding ramblers, indeed, will probably join the Pennine Way by way of Skipton, if they do not wish to traverse the whole route.

Malham, a tiny whitewashed village at the head of Airedale, is itself notable for the nearby Malham Cove and Gordale Scar, two of the most spectacular geological freaks in Britain. Malhamdale also contains several other pretty hamlets, and the small township of Gargrave.

Historic and literary interests abound here. At Eshton, between Malham and Gargrave, Charles Kingsley conceived his *Water Babies*. To Kirby Malham, in the same district, came Cromwell, not as a dictator but as a wedding-guest. His signature appears in the parish registers as a marriage witness.

But the Pennine Way does not remain in the valleys. It crosses the highest point of the Pennines at Cross Fell, after going over Fountains Fell into Ribblesdale, Wensleydale, and Swaledale. Some sections of this ramblers' footpath actually utilize old packhorse tracks.

Wycollar, already mentioned, still has an old packhorse bridge, and an ancient packhorse route is incorporated in the Pennine Way between Horton-in-Ribblesdale and Hawes. As a centre for exploring Wensleydale, with its Bolton Castle, fine moorlands, and entrancing waterfalls, Hawes is unexcelled.

The Cheviots, where the route terminates, are famous for their Scott associations, as well as for their scenery. The new Pilgrims' Way is planned to pass within five miles of Chevy Chase, and will cross the head of the Coquet Valley.

Already about 180 miles of the route are provided with footpaths, and much of the surrounding area is open to ramblers. It is in the Peak District of Derbyshire that the Pennine Way is least developed. To complete the scheme, access to some regions which are yet restricted is required.

The completion of the plan, and the establishing of additional hostels at strategic points, would enable post-war hikers to walk right along the backbone of England, and to digress into several of the dales, where scenic beauty and historic features are closely combined.

END

# Salt Is The Sea

(*Continued from page* 32)

in all your life that had filled you out. You know what I mean—the machines and the hum of power and industry. Psychological reaction."

"Aye. I've enjoyed being back on the job. Makes you feel you're some use."

"But that wasn't all, was it?"

"Maybe not."

"You've left the greater part of your money each week in deposit. Do you mind if I ask what for?"

"I was getting round to tellin' you about that. At least, I had a mind to. I'm a Glasgow-trained ship's engineer. The money I saved is to buy my outfit. I'm going back to sea. My grandfather and my father went to sea before me. I had three boys in the Merchant Service. All of them gone. Three grandsons in the Royal Navy, and one of them is gone, too. There's only the other two and me left."

The old man squared up. He looked years younger as he spoke.

"You see, I'd retired, and maybe I had taken a little to the drink. You get to thinking you're no use to any one any longer. But now that there's only me and Fred's two boys left—well, I reckon it makes you feel as if you were needed." He looked down at the cap in his hands then quickly up again. "At any rate, they'll take any one nowadays," he said.

END

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# Baby-in-Arms

(*Continued from page* 44)

halibut liver oil, which at the same time supplies the essential protective vitamins which it is the duty of the tardy sun to give. Vitamins, which normally come in fruit juices, can be taken in tablet form.

Few children need suffer from bad sight in these days of the oculist's skill. The successful correction of crossed eyes has become one of the commonplaces of science, and a great many cures are effected by means of remedial exercises which slowly and steadily encourage lazy muscles to function normally.

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The whole subject of remedial exercises is a fascinating study for any parent. Faults of posture, muscular weaknesses in all parts of the body and even digestive and bronchial troubles are finding ease in this way; and we are, as yet, only at the beginning of our discoveries in this field.

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END

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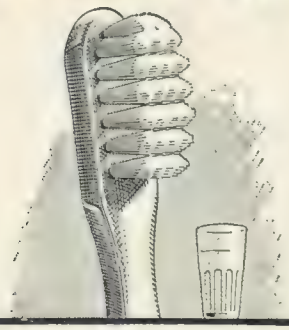
# TEK TALKS



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# Classic Jersey

*(Continued from page 43)*

Now work on half the st. only in rib, until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 11 st. at armhole edge on every other row 3 times, leaving 19 st. Cast off. Work other shoulder the same.

**THE FRONT**

Work as back, but do not divide the st. until armholes are 6½ ins. round curve. Now work 43 st. Cast off 18. Work 43. Continue on these 43 st. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 33 st. Cast off 11 st. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no st. left. Work other side the same. Sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 104 st. round neck with No. 11 needles, and work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 10 rows. Cast off.

**THE SLEEVES (2 alike)**

Cast on 74 st. with No. 10 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 2 ins. Change to the rib as back and front, and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 5 ins. along side seam from casting on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 70 st. Now twist the centre k. 6 st. Continue dec. for 1½ ins. Twist again. Continue dec. until there are 40 st. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, easing for 4 ins. across shoulders. Sew on buttons and make loops to fasten.

**LARGER SIZES**

1 more oz. is needed.

**36-IN. SIZE**

**THE BACK AND FRONT**

Cast on 124 sts. instead of 104. Inc. to 134 instead of 124. Reduce to 104 for shoulders and continue as 34 size.

**38-IN. SIZE**

Use No. 9 needles instead of No. 10 and No. 10 instead of No. 11 and work as 36-in. size.

# Brief Cardigan

*(Continued from page 43)*

work 3rd buttonhole. Continue to work buttonholes every 2 ins., until there are 5 ins. Now continue buttonholes and at same time m. 1 st. at opposite edge to border on every 4th row until there are 75 st. Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. K. 2 tog. on shaped edge on every row until there are 55 st. Work no more buttonholes. Now work straight until armholes are 3 ins. round curve. S. the border st. on to safety pin. Join in pink and work the honeycomb patt., knitting 2 tog. at neck edge on 1st and 2nd rows of patt., every time they are worked. When there are 32 st., work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 st. at outside edge on every other row until there are no st. left.

Return to st. on pin and work all k., and m. 1 st. at edge to be sewn to honeycomb on every 3rd row until strip is long enough to sew to this edge. Now work straight for 1½ ins. Cast off.

**THE LEFT FRONT**

Cast on as right, and keep *last* 10 st. for a k. border, and work to correspond without buttonholes.

**THE BUTTONS**

Cast on 8 st. with burgundy. Work st.st. for 1 in. Cast off. Sew over moulds.

**SLEEVES (2 alike)**

Cast on 50 st. in burgundy. Work st.st. for 4 rows. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 78 st. Work straight until side seams are 16 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

**CUFFS (2 alike)**

Cast on 22 st. in burgundy. Work all k. for 6 ins. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press the all k. parts. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew on collar. Sew sleeve seams. Sew on cuffs and sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons. Hem 1 in. lower edge to make 2 lower buttonholes come as one.

**LARGER SIZES**

1 oz. more burgundy is needed.

**37-IN. SIZE**

Use No. 9 needles and work as 35 in. size.

# For Hours of Ease

*(Continued from page 29)*

wide seats and spreading arms to accommodate the hoops and panniers of those days.

The early nineteenth century saw women's clothes grow less and less until they consisted merely of skin-tight undergarments covered with the scantiest of gowns, so chairs also took on a slim and elegant style. They were often lacquered and ornamented with Egyptian figures of sphinxes and masks in compliment to our naval victories, or gilded and inlaid with brass.

Victorian furniture we know only too well to need description. Solid and often cumbersome, highly polished and knowing no clear design, it reflects the age that thought only in terms of prosperity and fulsomeness. What the future holds for the chair we know not. Let us hope that the plumbing effect of steel and cromium lately affected will die a natural death, and design, with clear lines combined with usefulness, take its place, then once more we shall produce furniture of which our children will be proud.

END

# Toby's Tale

*(Continued from page 42)*

thought it would be a good way for me to talk to the dogs of the district.

When we were home again after our journeys I met my sister, Sue, and after a time I was glad to find that she had come to live in my home. We had some very happy times together, and the next year, when we had reached the age of a year and a half, we were both taken to stay at the place which I remembered near the mouth of the Thames. This was in July, 1939. One day I was with my master when he was talking to the keeper of the inn where we were staying. They were looking at one of the many ships which passed up and down the river. It did not seem to me to be different from many of the others. But the innkeeper said that it had not been seen going up the river since 1914, a few weeks before the Great War, and he wondered if it meant that anything was likely to happen.

War—I kept hearing people talk about war. They hoped that there wouldn't be another war, but they were afraid that there would. I asked Sue if she knew anything about war, and what it meant, but she said: "It's no affair of ours if the masterfolk can't manage their affairs better. Let's go and catch rats." So off we went and had a rare run.

We finished our stay at the inn by the water, saw more ships, hunted more rats and drove home again. There was no war yet, although there was so much talk about it. But one day it came. It was a Sunday. I always knew when it was Sunday because there was a great noise of bells twice a day. Some other dogs that I met always knew Sunday by the smell of the sausages for their masterfolk's breakfast. But I knew Sunday in my own way. On that Sunday I went with my master to see some people in a *(Continued on page 66)*

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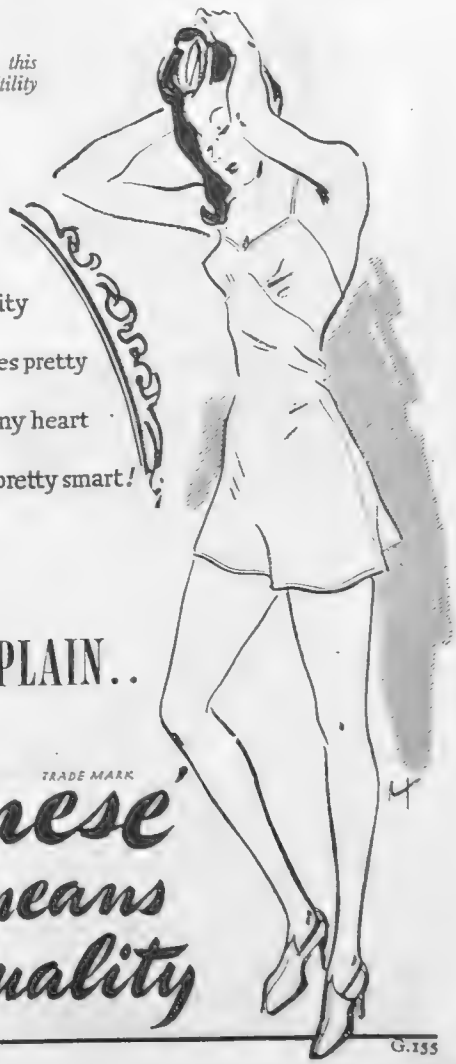

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room in one of his buildings which was surrounded by a lot of bags, and they were all talking about the war.

I heard that some people called Germans were behaving very badly to some people called Poles. I wondered who these Germans were, and if there were any German dogs; for if there were, I thought, I ought to be at war with them. One day when we drove to a town near my home we met a strange dog which my master called a dachshund, and said it was German. My sturdy Scottish ancestry rose within me and told me what to think of this dog. My master often spoke of the Germans as devils, but this dog didn't seem at all inclined to fight, and I thought that if the Germans were like that my masterfolk would soon beat them. But I have lived long enough to know that they are made of stouter stuff.

That winter Sue had a litter of puppies. My mistress kept two of them, called Bobby and Joey, for Sue to bring up. At first they lived in the kitchen; but I stayed with my master where he worked at his books and his writing.

When Sue and I were nearly three years old we heard great noises at night-time from overhead. They sounded like the flying creatures which we saw in the day and thought were large birds, but I noticed that the night-birds generally seemed to make a different sound from the day-birds. Several times I was woken in the night by loud bangs, and once by three very loud ones. The next day I heard my master and mistress saying that many people had been killed only a mile from my home. I thought it would be dreadful if we were all killed by the fly-by-nights.

The time came when our rations grew smaller, and we could not have our usual quantity of bones. I heard my master and mistress saying that they could not continue to feed so many dogs. I hoped that I should not have to leave my master. They kept Sue and the puppies as long as they could, but the day came when I saw Sue and Joey for the last time; and later on I said good-bye to Bobby. I heard that there was a second reason why Sue had to be taken: she had a naughty habit of killing fowls. So I was left with my master. I, too, was very naughty sometimes and once killed one of my mistress's ducks. But I could not understand why it was right to kill rats and mice but wrong to kill ducks and hens, although I knew that it *was* wrong, and I hated to displease my master. Sometimes I walked abroad at night when I ought to have gone to bed. Of course, I had my own interests to think of, and if I came home in the small hours my master was very patient with me. Of course, he was not very pleased at being awakened by my barks to be let in, but I thought he understood me very well. I heard him tell my mistress that I was like a woman in a play who said: "I can resist anything except temptation."

I am now putting down my thoughts in late November, 1942. My master has been away for three days in London, but I am overjoyed to see him home again. I know that he is very fond of me, and I have only to tap him with my paw to make him understand what I want. To-day I have been out with him for a little run; but he has not yet been to the post, so perhaps I may have another run with him.

Toby's Tale was left unfinished on November 24, 1942. He went with me to the post for the last time. As he came running in from the field over the way he was killed by a lorry which could not be halted in time. The driver pulled up and came to say what he could, for he was fond of dogs himself, and I was grateful to him. But it was a bitter blow to me, as I carried home the poor little mangled body of my faithful friend, to be buried the next day with the help of the old man with whom he used to play. His tale shows that he was a very understanding and human little dog, and we had been close companions and closer friends. Like Byron, when he wrote the epitaph on "Boatswain," at Newstead Abbey, I, too, am in revolt:—

"But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven."

What is there to warrant the doctrine of Christian theologians that dogs have no souls? Of course they haven't the gift of human speech; but they have the faculties of thought, reason and love. If the true meaning of original sin be that the process of moral development has to be begun afresh with each individual life, so it is with the dog. The dog assuredly grapples with the lure of naughtiness, not only, I am sure, through fear of punishment but through love of a master who is kind to him.

Some, perhaps, would take comfort in the ancient theory of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, whereby in the classic example the soul of a peacock passed first to Euphorbus, the son of Panthous, at Troy, then to Homer, then to Pythagoras, and finally to Quintus Ennius. Horace, a rational sceptic, seems to have regarded the theory with doubt. But even if it were true we should not know the dog's destination other than the verifiable place of his dead body, and it might be disconcerting if we could. If, for example, one met some person in the flesh who could make it known that he was possessed by Toby's soul. For while such person might express the excellence of Toby's character, the effect would be no satisfying substitute for the restoration of my little friend as I knew him.

Once I told a friend here that I would share my last crust with my little dog. And now the empty place where he used to sleep is like "The Empty Chair" at Gadshill after the death of Dickens, and my life is lonely and my soul sorrowful. Yet that is a small matter beside the consolation that Toby had a happy life, although a short one, and, I think, a happy day before the hour of his death. It may be that he was taken to escape the evil yet to come. It may be that in another state the soul of Toby can see more than he could see in the flesh, and that now he knows how much I failed to be worthy of his devotion and his love. But if we mortals have any sure hope of the survival of that part of us, the soul, which makes us what we are, I like to think, with Alexander Pope's "poor Indian," who

"Asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

END

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# From This White Hell

(*Continued from page* 19)

Land under their control. "Our only risk, I think," he said, "are scouting parties."

They went forward stealthily, hugging the cover of ditch and snow-bank and razed hedge, through fields that in the spring would be verdant again under the Russian plough. Until with a movement that was rough, frightening, Fyodor pulled Proska into a ditch edged with the stumps of willows.

From the white drift on which they crouched, Proska saw a hand protruding. A blue thin hand like a curled talon. It reached up to the daylight from a man who lay frozen in the snow's dimness. She became aware then of the horrors that the mantling snow in pity hid.

Motionless, a pointing setter, Fyodor scrutinised the country ahead. Satisfied, he aided her to her feet and they went on.

To pass a trench. It was full of German soldiers. Eyes stared at them. Lifeless eyes.

"They manned this strong-point at the threat of an attack," Fyodor told her. "And were unable to escape. When the battle moved south to Stalingrad, they stayed. Frozen into the soil. It will be lush, the grass that grows on Russian earth when the armies have moved back into Germany."

Proska looked over her shoulder. Fyodor stood there gloating. It was apparent. She went on shuddering. The battered farmhouse behind the strong-point was undermined with dug-outs that were catacombs. Striving to ignore the pitiable litter soldiers leave when they die, her eyes fixed, Proska led the way to her home.

"This is your home," Fyodor said softly.

One chimney stood, its base blackened by fire. And one gable wall.

Proska's eyes welled. She ran between the tumbled ruins of her senselessly, ferociously, demolished home. Up the slope to where the cherry trees had snowed in summer; and under the overhang of the cliff she sought the cave. She dared not venture in but whispered:

"Grandfather! It is I, your little Proska."

Only the padded silence. Fyodor came and took her arm. She thrust him away sobbing:

She went down steps to a sunken space and round a wall.

And a shot broke the silence startlingly.

Fyodor ran. He bounded forward tugging at the revolver holstered beneath his fur coat, to see Proska in the arms of an old man with drooping moustachios and a straggling beard of white. He was tall, gigantic in a thickly upholstered coat of sheepskin. But Fyodor guessed that under that coat was a frame emaciated, dying.

The old man was trying to escape from his granddaughter's embrace. He was saying over and over again.

"I shot at you. But you ran straight to my hidey hole. I thought you were Germans. I would not have shot at you, my little Proska. I would not."

Fyodor interrupted. "That shot might have been heard. We must get away. Quickly!"

They ignored him.

"Why did you return?" Grandfather asked irritably. "I am not much longer for this world. What little time remains I must spend exterminating the rats who have ousted me from my home."

He patted the automatic rifle he carried.

"Like an animal in the hole in the cliff I have lived on my own farm. They could not chase me away," grandfather growled.

"Grandfather, please, come back with us," Proska pleaded. "There are no longer Germans here. Otherwise I could not have come."

"They have moved back, yes. But sometimes small parties come seeking fuel." Grandfather chuckled. "Then I get one. Or two. Last week I shot three."

Proska thought, he is mad. Lieutenant Petrovitch is mad. They are mad with the lust of killing. I would not like to be a German when, at last, they are beaten, and have to flee pursued by this terrible hatred that they have fostered.

Fyodor ran back from where he had been keeping watch.

"That shot was heard. Five Fritzes are scouting towards us."

"In here!" grandfather roared. "Get down in here."

Peering down into the rat-hole distastefully Fyodor said: "That shot will make them search. And there is not room for three. I prefer to stay here. Where I will be sure of getting some."

"You're right. Proska, have you a gun?" The girl showed the pistol she carried and her grandfather looked at Fyodor and the revolver he held ready. "Assuredly you can look after my little Proska. That is evident. So! And there are only five."

Then the crackling of heavy boots on snow. A man in grey with a coal-scuttle steel helmet came round the corner. He looked at them for a split second as if he were blind, unseeing. Then his gun came up.

Fyodor shot him.

THE four other Germans came into view. But they were farther away. Even as he fired Fyodor knew he had missed. He fired again. They carried ordinary rifles those infantrymen. Their rate of fire was slower. But at that range it was more accurate. Fyodor felt himself flung back against the wall, felt himself, without power to resist, slide down and down. His throat burned. His mouth opened but he could not speak. His chest felt as if warm water was dribbling down it.

The rifle shots were followed swiftly by the crackle of grandfather's automatic gun. Abruptly that stopped. Two of the Germans had fallen and lay unmoving. Crumpled, paralysed at the foot of the wall, only his eyes capable of movement, Fyodor saw the long form of grandfather topple and drop forward to lay prostrate, colouring the snow.

Now only one German stood. That man was aiming carefully. But at whom, Fyodor wondered.

Proska, her pistol emptied, flung forward and down. She grabbed the automatic grandfather had let fall. Lying full length she squirted lead at that German like a gardener spraying green-fly. The German sagged before the second burst ripped him.

Unable to cry a warning, Fyodor saw a German who had been shot down, forcing himself up on an elbow to shoot. And he lost consciousness as the shots rang out. He sank deeply into an enveloping blackness, wondering . . . wondering. . . .

He woke in darkness. His head was warm, pillowed against a softness that surged gently, rose and fell like a lullaby. Arms were about him holding him close. He wondered at the darkness and put an investigating hand up to his eyes.

Proska had thrown open her fur coat and taken his head on to her breast and covered him up again. He lay in her arms.

"You were shot in the shoulder. Almost in the throat," she told him. "I bandaged it. It would not stop bleeding. I was frightened the wound would freeze. I took your head in my coat."

Weak from loss of blood Fyodor lay in a haze of exhaustion that was vaguely comforting. A quiet ease of mind, a peacefulness he had not known for months took possession of him, body and soul. He was still, content, until long-prisoned emotion rose and took advantage of his weakness. He began to laugh. He laughed with a hysteria that was akin to tears. Proska heard in amazement.

"I came to look after you. Your grandfather told me to look after you. And you . . . you looked after me. . . ."

The laughter stopped. He lay still again. Then, as suddenly as he had begun to laugh, he wrenched round, pressed his face against Proska's breast, and started to cry. Dry, convulsive sobs racked him. The red smear on the bandage spread. Proska could not stop the sobbing. Frightened she knew instinctively it was the best thing he could do. She sat on the snow-covered ruins of her home and held him as a mother holds a scared little boy.

"No one else has come," Proska whispered. "We must go."

"I am sorry. I beg your pardon," Fyodor apologised stiffly. He rose and faced away from her. "Your grandfather——" He looked down and saw the old man.

"We will leave him here, at home, among the Germans he killed," Proska said. "He would have liked that. Come."

Dark, undulating shadows crept over the snows as they went back to the bridge. Fyodor reeled. Without the support of Proska he could not walk. He kept his face averted. She did not know that a different man walked with her until, safely across the bridge, a torrent of explanatory apologies poured incoherently from him to bring vivid comprehension to Proska as she listened.

"I was in Moscow when the Germans invaded Russia. Finishing my course. It was a long time before I got home. They had been there . . . those devils. My home, like yours was no more. But I heard how my mother, my adored mother, had died . . . mutilated . . . My little sister Nina . . . before she died, she had been. . . ."

Fyodor's voice broke. The arm Proska held stiffened.

"I loved them. They were everything to me . . . everything. I felt my heart shrivel up and harden. I was a boy and I became a man overnight. A man who thought no other purpose in life existed but vengeance. I made it an obsession. Scathing hatred and a craving for retribution. I fought to obliterate every other sense and feeling.

"Hatred there must be, for the things done to Russia," Proska said. "But hatred must not be allowed to oust every other feeling in a man's heart."

"That is what I tried to do. I embittered myself with venom," Fyodor said poignantly. . . . I cannot explain. . . . You will not understand. . . . But from the day I learnt about mother and Nina, I have not laughed. I have not cried—until I lay upon your breast. . . ."

"I understand. I do," Proska said tenderly. "You have been in a prison. But now you have been released."

Before them the white road led over the hill. As they mounted it limpingly, scarlet and white and gold flashed on the horizon where Stalingrad fought on.

An outpost of Red infantrymen halted them. Fyodor was taken into a field dressing-station. Later he went off in an ambulance.

Proska returned alone.

A week later, crossing the aerodrome, the plump, jolly colonel who had brought Lieutenant Fyodor Petrovitch to Proska Kuranova, saw and stopped her.

"Comrade! Would you, by chance, know about our Fyodor? I visited him and never saw such a remarkable change in a young man. Impossible to believe it was accomplished by a mere blood transfusion. A frozen corpse warmed back to life again. The tense bitterness wiped away from his face. Why, God bless my soul! He actually laughed loudly, a regular haw, haw, haw! At one of my oldest jokes. A miracle. We do nothing but marvel at it in the mess."

"I thought it was so. From his letters," Proska said. "He comes out of hospital on Sunday week. I am to meet him in the little café down by the river."

END

1.4.43

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